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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.
The MERCHANT *of* VENICE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING *the* SHREW.



L O N D O N:

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MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING.





Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Don John, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.

Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.

Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.

Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.

Antonio, Brother to Leonato.

Borachio, Confident to Don John.

Conrade, Friend to Borachio.

Dogberry, { two foolish Officers.

Verges, }

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.

Beatrice, Neice to Leonato.

Margaret, { two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.

Ursula, }

A Frier, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

S C E N E, Messina in Sicily.





(1) MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Court before Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

LEONATO.



Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro*

(1) *Much Ado about Nothing*] *Innogen*, (the Mother of *Hero*) in the oldest *Quarto* that I have seen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two several Scenes. The succeeding Editions have all continued her Name in the *Dramatis Personæ*. But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of her thro' the Play, no one Speech address'd to her, nor one Syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any

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dro hath bestow'd much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don *Pedro*: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

one Passage, from which we have any Reason to determine that *Hero's* Mother was living. It seems, as if the Poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out.

Leon.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 7

Leon. 'Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it ; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady ? but what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed : (2) he is no less than a stufft man : but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my Neice ; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her ; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one : So that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now ? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible ; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

(2)——*he is no less than a stufft man : but for the Stuffing well, we are all mortal.*] Thus has this Passage been all along stop'd, from the very first Edition downwards. If any of the Editors could extract Sense from this Pointing, their Sagacity is a Pitch above mine. I believe, by my Regulation, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Meaning. Our Poet seems to use the Word *Stuffing* here much as *Plautus* does in his *Mossellaria* ; Act. 1. Sc. 3.

Non Vestem amatores mulieris amant, sed Vestis sartum.

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Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child. —

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers her self; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his head on her Shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat.

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Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Disdain*! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, *Disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courtesie it self must convert to *Disdain*, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*,——Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*,——my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid You welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

A. 5.

John.

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John. I thank you ; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on ?

Pedro Your hand, *Leonato* ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato* ?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise ; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her ?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into ; but speak your this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter ? come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the Song ?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter ; there's her Cousin, if she were not possess'd with such a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December* : but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, tho' I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith ? hath not the world

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one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* house?

Bene. I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: ——— he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that

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that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invifible baldrick, all women fhall pardon me ; becaufe I will not do them the Wrong to miftruff any, I will do myfelf the Right to truff none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I fhall fee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ficknefs, or with hunger, my lord, not with love : prove, that ever I lofe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, prick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houfe for the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doft fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and fhoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the fhoulder, and call'd *Adam*. (3)

Pedro. Well, as time fhall try ; in time the favage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The favage bull may, but if ever the fenfible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and fet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted ;

(3) *And he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd Adam.*] But why fhould he therefore be call'd *Adam* ? Perhaps, by a Quotation or two we may be able to trace the Poet's Allufion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a Comedy written by *John Day*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech.

I have beard, Old Adam was an honeft Man, and a good Gardiner ; lov'd Lettice well, Salads and Cabage reasonable well, yet no Tobacco ; ——— Again, Adam Bell, a fubftantial Outlaw, and a paffing good Archer, yet no Tobacconift.

By This it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mention'd in a Burlefque Poem of *Sir William Davenant's*, call'd, *The long Vacation in London* : and had I the Convenience of confulting *Ascham's Toxophilus*, I might probably grow ftill better acquainted with his Hiftory.

and

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and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my Sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you ———

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my house, if I had it, ———

Pedro. The sixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate Desires,

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All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is ;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, 'cherish it,
And I will break with her : and with her Father,
And Thou shalt have her : was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity ;
Look, what will serve, is fit ; 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio* ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine ;
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Cousin your
son ? hath he provided this musick ?

Ant. He is very busie about it ; but, brother, I can
tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good ?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a
good cover ; they show well outward. The Prince and
Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in
my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine :
The Prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice
your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
in a dance ; and if he found her accordant, he meant
to

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to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this ?

Ant. A good sharp fellow ; I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it self : but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true ; go you and tell her of it : Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill ; good Cousin, have a care this busie time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in*
Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. **W**Hat the good-ger, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad ?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason,

John. And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it ?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief : I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement ; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible
you

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you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and infranchis'd with a dog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! how come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove
food.

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food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind! ——— shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.



A C T II.

S C E N E, *a Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice,
Margaret and Ursula.*

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I saw him not,

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *John's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in Signior *Benedick's* face ———

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant.

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Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell,——

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, "get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you "to heav'n, here's no place for you maids." So deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases me*.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd

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master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar and others in Masquerade.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. (4) My visor is *Philemon's* roof; within the house is *Jove*.

Hero.

(4) *My Visor is Philemon's Roof, within the House is Love.*]
Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the first downwards.

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Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me. (5)

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

wards. I must own, this Passage for a long while appear'd very obscure to me, and gave me much Trouble in attempting to understand it. *Hero* says to *Don Pedro*, God forbid, the Lute should be like the Cafe! i. e. that your Face should be as homely and as coarse as your Mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro* compares his Visor to *Philemon's* Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from OVID: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet describes it, liv'd in a thatch'd Cottage;

— *Stipulis & cannâ tecta palustri.*

But why, *Within the House* is Love? *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 'tis true, had liv'd to old Age together, in a comfortable State of Agreement. But Piety and Hospitality are the top Parts of their Character. Our Poet unquestionably goes a little deeper into the Story. Tho' this old Pair liv'd in a Cottage, this Cottage receiv'd two straggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*.) under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and tho' his Visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to *Hero*, that he has something god-like within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Person and Mind. By these Circumstances, I am sure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a single Letter.

— *within the House* is Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirm'd by another Passage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the same Story. *As you like it.*

Clown. I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, bonest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.

Jaqu. O Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd House.

(5) *Balth.* Well; I would, you did like me.] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthazar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthazar*, and *Margaret*: *Benedick*, a little lower, converses with *Beatrice*: and so every Man talks with his Woman once round.

Marg.

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Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry
Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the
dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you
were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down;
you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you
by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it self? go to,
mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an
end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good
Wit out of the Hundred merry Tales; well, this was
Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester; a very dull fool,
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none
but libertines delight in him, and the commendation
is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth
men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and
beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had
boarded me.

Bene.

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Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparifon or two on me ; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ftrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing fav'd, for the fool will eat no fupper that night. We muft follow the leaders. [*Mufick within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio* ; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick* !

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero* ; I pray you, diffuade him from her, fhe is no equal for his birth ; you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her ?

John. I heard him fwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he fware he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John and Bor.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain fo, the Prince wooes for himfelf.
Friendfhip is conftant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love ;
Therefore all hearts in love ufe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it felf,
And truft no agent ; beauty is a witch,
Againft whole charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miftrufte not. Farewel then, *Hero*.

Enter

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wish him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the Post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the World into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a School-boy; who,
being

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being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; (6) huddling jest upon jest, with such impassable conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, some Scholar would conjure

(6) — *buddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me.*] Thus all the printed Copies; but I freely confess, I can't possibly understand the Phrase. I have ventur'd to substitute *impassable*. To make a *Pass* (in *Fencing*,) is, to thrust, push: and by *impassable*, I presume, the Poet meant, that she push'd her jests upon him with such *Swiftness*, that it was impossible for him to *pass* them off, to *parry* them.

her

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her ; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia* ; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot ; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard ; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy ; you have no employment for me ?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one ; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad ?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then ? sick ?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true : though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.

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B

Here,

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Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won ; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained ; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue —

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy ; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care ; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance ! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd ; I may sit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho !* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting : hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you ? your Father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady ?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days ; your Grace is too costly to wear every day ; but, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd ; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of ?

Beat.

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Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle : by your Grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord ; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then ; (7) for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of an happiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church ?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord ; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other ; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

(7) For I have heard my daughter say, She hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.] Tho' all the Impressions agree in this Reading, surely, 'tis absolutely repugnant to what *Leonato* intends to say, which is this ; “ *Beatrice* is never sad, but when she sleeps ; and not ever sad then : for she hath often dream'd of something merry, (an happiness, as the Poet phrases it,) and wak'd herself with laughing.”

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Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in*
Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. IT is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John.

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John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What Proof shall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other Issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

(8) *Bora.* Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don-
Pedro,

(8) *Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me;—Offer them Instances, which shall bear no less Likelihood than to see me at her Chamber-window; bear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; bear *Margaret* term me *CLAUDIO*; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended Wedding.] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the first Quarto downwards. I am oblig'd here to give a short Account of the Plot depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The Business stands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the Arragon Prince, is, by his Intercessions with her Father, to be marry'd to fair *Hero*; Don *John*, natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous to disappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a rascally Dependent on Don *John*, offers his Assistance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. "Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (says He) that *Hero* is in Love with Me; they won't believe it; offer them Proofs, as that they shall see me converse with her in her Chamber-window. I am in the good Graces of her Waiting-woman *Margaret*; and I'll prevail with *Margaret* at a dead hour of Night to personate her Mistress *Hero*; do you then bring the Prince and *Claudio* to overhear our Discourse; and They shall have the Torment to hear me address *Margaret* by the Name of *Hero*, and her say sweet things to me by the Name of *Claudio*."—This is the Substance of *Borachio*'s Device to make

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Pedro, and the Count *Claudio*, alone ; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus ; they will hardly believe this without tryal : offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero* ; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio* ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding ; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice : be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.
[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick, and a Boy.

Bene. BOY,—
Boy. Signior.

Hero suspected of Disloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But, in the Name of common Sense, could it displease *Claudio* to hear his Mistress making use of *his* Name tenderly ? If he saw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reasonably think her betray'd, but not have the same Reason to accuse her of Disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming *Claudio* make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that she lov'd *Borachio*, as he desires Don *John* to insinuate to them that She did ? The Circumstances weigh'd, there is no doubt but the Passage ought to be reform'd, as I have settled in the Text.

—bear me call *Margaret*, *Hero* ; bear *Margaret* term me
BORACHIO.

Bene.

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Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again — I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh't at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or not come near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,

B 4

We'll

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We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish'd! is
it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out
of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's
done.

The S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro,

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no ; no, faith ; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him ; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief : I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, *Balthazar* ? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick ; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [Exit Balthazar.

Pedro. Do so : farewell. Come hither, *Leonato* ; what was it you told me of to-day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick* ?

Claud. O, ay ; — stalk on, stalk on, the fowl fits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner ?

[Aside.

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but that she loves him with an inrag'd affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ? there never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she ?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. [Aside.

Leon. What effects, my lord ? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? you amaze me : I
B 5 would

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would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn, it had, my lord ; especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Afide.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow speaks it ; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Afide.*

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick* ?

Leon. No, and swears she never will ; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says : shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him ?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him ; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper ; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, — when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That —

Leon. (9) O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence ; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, wou'd flout her : I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me ; yea, though I love him, I should.

(9) O, she tore the Letter into a thousand half-pence ;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explain'd by a Passage in *As you like it* ;

— *There were none principal ; they were all like one another as half-pence are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Crease running *Cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

Claud.

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Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, fobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet *Benedick*! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other respects, and made her half myself; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accusom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing
of.

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of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your Neice : shall we go seek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry ; the sport will be when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merely a Dumb Show ; let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Benedick advances from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne ; they have the truth of this from *Hero* ; they seem to pity the lady ; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited : I hear, how I am censur'd ; they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry — I must not seem proud — happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending : they say,

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say, the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness : and virtuous ; ——— 'tis so, I cannot reprove it : and wife, but for loving me—— by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly ; for I will be horribly in love with her. ——— I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage ; but doth not the appetite alter ? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? no : the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice* : by this day, she's a fair lady ; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal : you have no stomach, Signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha ! against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner : ——— there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me ; ——— that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew ; I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*



A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E *continues in the Orchard.**Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

H E R O.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
 There shalt thou find my Cousin *Beatrice*,
 Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and *Ursula*
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
 And bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
 Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
 Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
 To listen our Propose; this is thy office,
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our Talk must only be of *Benedick*;
 When I do name him, let it be thy Part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.
 My Talk to thee must be, how *Benedick*
 Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
 Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hear-say: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour.

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture ;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —

No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely ?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it ;
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so ? doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they look on ; and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak ; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-indear'd.

Ursu. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward ; if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;

If

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If low, an Aglet very vilely cut : (10)
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue That,
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No ; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
 As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
 But who dare tell her so ? if I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly ;
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders
 To stain my Cousin with ; one doth not know,
 How much an ill word may im poison liking.

Ursu. O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong,
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit,
 As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

(10) *If low, an Agat very vilely cut :]* But why an *Agat*, if low ? And what Shadow of Likeness between a *little Man* and an *Agat* ? The Ancients, indeed, used this Stone to cut in, and upon ; but most exquisitely. I make no question but the Poet wrote ;

— an Aglet very vilely cut ;

An *Aglet* was the Tag of those Points, formerly so much in Fashion. These Tags were either of Gold, Silver, or Brass, according to the Quality of the Wearer ; and were commonly in the Shape of little Images ; or at least had a Head cut at the Extremity, as is seen at the End of the *Start* of old-fashion'd Spoons. And as a *tall Man* is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed* ; so, by the same Figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill cut*.

Mr. Warburton.

So

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So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her,
Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps.

[*Exeunt*.]

Beatrice, *advancing*.

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, *Benedick*, love on; I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, thy kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band.

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit*.]

S C E N E, *Leonato's House*.

Enter Don Pedro, *Claudio*, *Benedick* and *Leonato*.

Pedro. I DO but stay 'till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll vouch-
safe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a foil in the new
glo's

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gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waste downward, all fops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upwards, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro.

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Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd by stops ———

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in*despight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her heels upwards. (11)

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two Bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

(11) *She shall be buried with her Face upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried so? Sure, the Poet means, in Opposition to the general Rule, and by way of Distinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have chose the first Reading, because I find it the Expression in Vogue in our Author's time.

John.

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John. If it please you ; yet Count *Claudio* may hear ; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter ?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow ? [To Claudio.]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not ; let that appear hereafter ; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest ; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage ; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd !

Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero* ?

John. Even she ; *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal ?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say, she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it ; wonder not 'till further warrant ; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day ; if you love her, then to morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so ?

Pedro. I will not think it. —————

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know ; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough ; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I should not marry her to morrow ; in the Congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro.

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Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned?

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable ———

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer! Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch.

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2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how Sleeping should offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb.

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Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges,*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade.* ———

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*

Bora. *Conrade,* I say.

Conr. Here, Man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch.

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Watch. Some Treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any Villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the Fool; but see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; sometimes, fashioning them like *Pharoah's* soldiers in the reachy Painting; sometimes, like the God *Bel's* priests in the old church-window; sometimes, like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massie as his club.

Conr. All this I see, and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero's* Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—

I tell

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I tell this tale vildly — I should first tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which first possesst them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable; we have here recover'd the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters, — (12)

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, —

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

(12) *Conr.* Masters, masters, —

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.] The different Regulation which I have made in this last Speech, tho' against the Authority of all the printed Copies, I flatter myself, carries its Proof with it. *Conrade* and *Borachio* are not design'd to talk absurd Nonsense [that is the distinguishing Characteristick of the *Constable* and *Watch*.] It is evident therefore, that *Conrade* is attempting his own Justification; but is interrupted in it by the Impertinence of the Men in Office.

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Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you :
come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Hero's Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. GOOD Ursula, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and
desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good ; and I warrant,
your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll
ear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the
hair were a thought browner ; and your gown's a most
rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Dutchels of *Milan's*
gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of
yours ; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set
with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round
underborne with a blueish tinsel ; but for a fine, quaint,
graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is
exceeding heavy.

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? is
not marriage honourable in a beggar ? is not your Lord
honourable without marriage ? I think, you would have
me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad
thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body ;
is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband ? none,
I think, if it be the right Husband, and the right wife,
otherwise 'tis light and not heavy ; ask my lady *Beatrice*
else, here she comes.

Enter

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 51

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' Love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

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Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle; you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 53

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous ; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha ?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir ; he will be talking, as they say ; when the age is in, the wit is out ; God help us, it is a world to see : well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man ; an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind ; an honest soul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship'd ; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour !

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir ; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons ; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leon.*]

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's That shall drive some of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE, a CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero.

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved Wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof (13)
Have

(13) *Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof,*] I am surpriz'd, the Poetical Editors did not observe the Lameness of this Verse. It evidently wants a Syllable in the last Foot, which I have restor'd by a Word, which, I presume, the first Editors might hesitate at; tho' it is a very proper one, and a Word elsewhere used by our Author. Besides, in the Passage under

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Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ———

Claud. I know what you would say : if I have known
her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,

I never tempted her with word too large ;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thy Seeming ! I will write against it ;

You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown :

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you ?

Pedro. What should I speak ?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.

Hero. True ! O God !

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here ?

Is this the Prince ? Is this the Prince's Brother ?

Is this face *Hero's* ? are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset !

Examination, this Word comes in almost necessarily, as *Claud-*
io had said in the Line immediately preceding ;

Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.

What

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,
My self, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, Cousin, wherefore sink you
down?

John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

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Beat. Dead, I think ; help, uncle.

Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle ! Signior *Benedick!* friar !

Leon. O fate ! take not away thy heavy hand ;
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not ?

Leon. Wherefore ? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her ? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood ?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes :
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
My self would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one ?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame ?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ?
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine ;
This shame derives it self from unknown loins :
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self was to my self not mine,
Valuing of her ; why, she, — O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient ;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly, not ; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 59

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune;
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal do warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age;
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,

The

60 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

The Practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not : if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead ; (14)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead, indeed :
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? what will this do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth :
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer : for it so falls out,

(14) *Your Daughter here the Princess (left for dead)*] But how comes *Hero* to start up a *Princess* here ? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince ; and this is the first and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a single Letter, and of the *Parentbess*, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

Your Daughter here the Princess left for dead.

i. e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon* ; and his Bastard Brother who is likewise call'd a prince.

That

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 61

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 Th' idea of her Life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit:
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish, he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true:
 Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all Aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
 For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
 dure.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent

62 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 63

Bene. Beatrice, ———

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour ——— O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone,

Bene. Beat ———

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him: I will kiss your hand, and so leave you, by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin; I must say, she is dead, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

64 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

SCENE *changes to a Prison.*

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the
Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. **I**S our whole dissembly appear'd ?

Dog. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to
examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be
examin'd ? let them come before master constable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me ; what
is your name, friend ?

Bora. *Borachio.*

T. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio*. Yours, Sirrah ?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Con-
rade*.

T. Cl. Write down, master gentleman *Conrade* ;
masters, do you serve God ?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope. (15)

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they serve God :
and write God first : for God defend, but God should go
before such villains. — Masters, it is proved already that
you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near
to be thought so shortly ; how answer you for your
selves ?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say, we are none.

To. C. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but
I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah,

(15) Both. *Yea, Sir, we hope.*

To. Cl. *Write down, that they hope, they serve God : and write
God first : for God defend, but God should go before such Vil-
lains—*] This short Passage, which is truly humorous and
in character, I have added from the old *Quarto*. Besides, it
supplies a Defect : for, without it, the *Town-Clerk* asks a Que-
stion of the Prisoners, and goes on without staying for any
Answer to it.

a word

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 65

a word in your ear, Sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside ; 'fore God, they are both in a tale ; have you writ down, that they are none ?

Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

(16) *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, let the Watch come forth ; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

2 *Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain ; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk —————

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

(16) *To. Cl.* *Yea, marry that's the easiest Way, let the Watch come forth.]* This *easiest*, is a Sophistication of our modern Editors, who were at a loss to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the first and second Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading ;

Yea, marry, that's the eiest way, &c.

A Letter happen'd to slip out at Press in the first Edition ; and 'twas too hard a Task for the subsequent Editors to put it in, or guess at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have restor'd the Text :

Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, &c.

i. e. the *readiest*, most commodious Way. The Word is pure Saxon. Deaplice debite, congruè, duely, fitly. Leðæplice, opportunè, commodè, fitly, conveniently, seasonably, in good time, commodiously.

Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss.

To. Cl.

66 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

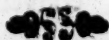
Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Conr. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*!

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs. ———

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an afs! but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an afs! ——— [Exeunt.



A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, *before Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

A N T O N I O.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suite with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain:
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, (17)

(17) *If such a One will smile, and stroke his Beard,
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan,]*

Mr. Row is the first Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it? "If a Man will *balloo*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to shew a Pleasure when he should groan," &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1st and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,

And Sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c.

We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading; tho', I flatter my self, by a slight Alteration it has led me to the true one,

And Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he should groan;

i. e. If such a One will *combat with*, *strive against* Sorrow, &c. Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in these Significations. And

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And Sorrow wage ; cry, hem ! when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage ;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread ;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all mens office to speak patience
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself ; therefore give me no counsel ;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your self :
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason ; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd ;
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince ;
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords ?

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my lord ! well, fare you well, my
lord.

Are you so hasty now ? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 69

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou!

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

(18) *Leon.* Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd
my child;

(18) *Canst Thou so daffe me? —*] This is a Country Word,
Mr. Pope tells us, signifying, *dawnt*. It may be so; but that
is not the Exposition here: To *daffe*, and *doffe* are synonymous
Terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very Sense requir'd
here, and what *Leonato* would reply, upon *Claudio's* saying,
He would have nothing to do with him.

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If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed ;
But that's no matter, let him kill one first ;
Win me and wear me, let him answer me ;
Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me ;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, —

Ant. Content yourself ; God knows, I lov'd my
Neice ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milklops !

Leon. Brother *Anthony* —

Ant. Hold you content ; what, man ? I know hem,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, (19)
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*, —

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pa-
tience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord —

(19) *And speak of half a dozen dangerous Words,*] These Edi-
tors are Persons of unmatched Indolence, that can't afford to
add a single Letter to retrieve common Sense. To *speak off*, as
I have reform'd the Text, is to throw out boldly, with an
Ostentation of Bravery, &c. So in *Twelfth-night* ;

Aterrible Oath, with a swaggering Accent sharply twang'd off :

Pedro.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 71

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*]

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never did any so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me. — I pray you chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene.

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Bene. You are a villain ; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast ?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too ?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day : I said, thou hadst a fine wit ; right, says she, a fine little one ; no, said I, a great wit ; just, said she, a great gross one ; nay, said I, a good wit ; just, said she, it hurts no body ; nay, said I, the gentleman is wise ; certain, said she, a wise gentleman ; nay, said I, he hath the tongues ; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning ; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues ; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly ; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, *God saw him when he was bid in the garden*.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind ; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour ; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd,

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thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you ; I must discontinue your company ; your brother, the bastard, is fled from *Messina* ; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet ; and 'till then, peace be with him ! [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad ; did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance ; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ?
Borachio, one ?

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verifi'd unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you

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are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero*! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters do not forget to specifie, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato, and Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy breath

Hast

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Hast kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you should have given her Cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

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Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me.
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembred in his
punishment ; and also the watch heard them talk of one
Deformed : they say, he wears a key in his ear, and
a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's
name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid,
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend no-
thing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon
that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and
reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner ; and I
thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worship,
which, I beseech your Worship, to correct your self,
for the example of others. God keep your Worship ;
I wish your Worship well : God restore you to health ;
I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry
meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neigh-
bour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords ; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with
Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE

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SCENE *changes to* Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret.

Bene. **P**RAY thee, sweet Mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserve'st it.

(20) *Marg.* To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep above stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.] *The God of love, that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, ——— I mean in singing; but*

(20) *To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below Stairs?* Thus all the printed Copies, but, sure, erroneously: for all the Jest, that can lie in the Passage, is destroy'd by it. Any Man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept below Stairs. By the Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret*, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep above Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a Chambermaid?

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in loving, *Leander* the good swimmer, *Trailus* the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these *quondam* carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse ; why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love ; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme ; I have try'd ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings ; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee ?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now ; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit ; but, I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward ; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them : but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ! a good epithet ; I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 79

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising my self; who, I my self will bear witness, is praise-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato*?

Atten. It is, my lord.

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E P I T A P H.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, that here lyes :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.*

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go,
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this Right.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out ;
The wolves have prey'd ; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phæbus* round about
Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey :
Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud.

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Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speed's, (21)
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Friar, and Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, she was innocent ?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well ; I am glad, that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me ; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them :
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

(21) *And Hymen now with luckier Issue speeds,*
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] *Claudio*
could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-pro-
pos'd Match should have any luckier Event than That design'd
with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this should be a Wish in
Claudio ; and, to this End, the Poet might have wrote, *speed's* ;
i. e. *speed us* ; and so it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*.

Dr. Thirlby.

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Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' state of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[Exit Antonio.]

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the
matter,

That you have such a *February-face*,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull;
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that same noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have just his bleat.

*Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and
Ursula, mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Anto. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 83

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar, I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero*? (22)

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero*! *Hero*, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and

Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

(22) *Claud.* Another *Hero*!

Hero. ——— Nothing certainer:

One *Hero* dy'd, but I do live,

And surely as I live I am a Maid.] Besides that the last

Line but One wants a whole Foot in Measure, it is as defective in the Meaning: For how are the Words made out? One *Hero* dy'd, and yet that *Hero* lives, but how is She then another *Hero*? The Supplement, which I have restor'd from the old *Quarto*, solves all the Difficulty, and makes the last Line reasonable.

Bene.

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Bene. They swore, you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter ; then you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Cousin, I am sure, you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;
For here's a Paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts ; come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

(23) *Beat.* I would yet deny you ; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life ; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

(24) *Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth. —

[*Kissing her.*]

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick*, the marry'd man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince ; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour : dost thou

(23) *Beat.* *I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion, &c.*] Is not this strange Mock-reasoning in *Beatrice* ? She would not deny him but that She yields upon great Persuasion. — By changing the *Negative*, I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the Poet's Humour.

(24) *Leon.* *Peace, I will stop your Mouth.*] What can *Leonato* mean by this ? “ Nay, pray, peace, Neice ; don't keep up “ this Obstinacy of Professions, for I have Proofs to stop your “ Mouth.” The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* agreed with me, that this ought to be given to *Benedick*, who, upon saying it, kisses *Beatrice* : and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it ?

How dost thou, Benedick ? the marry'd man,
Besides, this mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers.

think,

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 85

think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldest have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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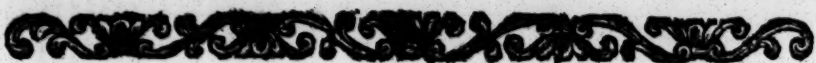
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G. V. Gucht Scul.



THE
M E R C H A N T
O F
V E N I C E.





Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Morochius, a Moorish Prince, } Suiters to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }

Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice.

Bassanio, his Friend, in love with Portia.

Salanio,

Solarino, } Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.

Gratiano,

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew.

Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.

Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.

Gobbo, an old Man, Father to Launcelot.

Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.

Balthazar,

Stephano, } Servants to Portia.

Portia, an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.

Nerissa, Confident to Portia.

Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants and
other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice; and partly at Belmont,
the Seat of Portia upon the Continent.*



T H E



T H E
MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

A C T I.
SCENE, *a Street in VENICE.*

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

A N T H O N I O.



N foot, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is
born,

I am to learn ———

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your Argosies with portly Sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
 Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;
 And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dang'rous rocks?
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
 But tell not me; — I know, *Antonio*
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Antb. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Antb. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're sad,
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
And others of such vinegar-aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano:

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo* : fare ye well ;
We leave ye now with better company.

Sola. I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard :
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
when ?

You grow exceeding strange ; must it be so ?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Antonio*,
We two will leave you ; but at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt Solar. and Sala.*]

Gra. You look not well, Signior *Antonio* ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine's a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool ; ———
With mirth, and laughter ; let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in Alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :)
There are a sort of men, whose visages

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Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
 O my *Antonio*, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing ; who, I'm very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears, (1)
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time :
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good *Lorenzo* ; fare ye well a while ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men ;
 For *Gratiano* never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well ; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commendable
 In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now ?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
 than any man in all *Venice* : his reasons are as two
 grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall

(1) — *would almost damn those Ears.*] Several Old Editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct Copies, *damn*. The Author's Meaning is this ; That some People are thought wise, whilst they keep Silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid Praters, that their Hearers cannot help calling them *Fools*, and so incur the Judgment denounc'd in the *Gospel*. The Allusion is to St. *Matthew*, Chap. v. ver. 22. *And whosoever shall say to his Brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the Council : but whosoever shall say, thou Fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire.*

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seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, *Antonio*,
I owe the most in mony, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour; be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,

Than

Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me, what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wond'rous virtues; sometime, from her eyes (2)
 I did receive fair speechless messages;
 Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
 To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
 Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos' strond*;
 And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
 O my *Anthony*, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
 Nor have I mony, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum; therefore, go forth;
 Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
 That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*:
 Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
 Where mony is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

(2) ——— sometimes *from her Eyes.*] So all the Editions;
 but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, (which differs much
 more in Signification, than seems at first View :) i. e. *former-*
ly, some time ago, at a certain time: and it appears by the sub-
 sequent Scene, that *Bassanio* was at *Belmont* with the Marquis
de Mountferrat, and saw *Portia* in her Father's life-time. And
 our Author, in several other Places, uses the Word in such
 Acceptation.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to BELMONT.*

Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. **B**Y my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches; and poor mens cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple! But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word, chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth

warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the *Neapolitan Prince*.

Por. Ay, that's a Dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; (3) and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the *Count Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse: he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two?

Ner. How say you by the *French Lord*, Monsieur *Le Boun*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan's*; a better bad habit of frowning than the *Count Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his

(3) *Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;*] Tho' all the Editions agree in this Reading, I can perceive neither Humour, nor Reasoning, in it: How does talking of Horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a Man e'er the more a *Colt*? Or, if a *Smith*, and a *Lady of Figure* were to have an Affair together, would a *Colt* be the Issue of their Caresses? This seems to me to be *Portia's* Meaning, *What do you tell me of the Neapolitan Prince, he is such a stupid Dunce, that, instead of saying fine things to me, he does Nothing but talk of his Horses.* The Word, *Dolt*, which I have substituted, fully answers this Idea; and signifies one of the most *stupid* and *blockish* of the *Vulgar*: and in this Acceptation it is used by our Author.

own shadow ; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him ; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian* ; and you may come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? how oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scotish* lord, his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony's* nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk ; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast ; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of *Rhenish* wine on the contrary casket ; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords : they have acquainted me with their deter-

minations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*; as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word, the Prince, his master, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me, than wive me. Come, *Nerissa*. Sirrah, go before; while we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a publick Place in Venice.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. **T**Hree thousand ducats? well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three mon ths.

Shy. For three months? well.

Bass.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound? well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me; may I speak with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*? — who is he, comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Antonio*.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks! I hate him, for he is a christian: But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear? ———

Sky. I am debating of my present store,
 And by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
 Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
 Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior;

[*To Anth.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,
 How much you would?

Sky. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Sky. I had forgot, three months, you told me so;
 Well then, your bond; and let me see, ——— but
 hear you,

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Sky. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban's* sheep, —
 This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
 (As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Sky. No, not take int'rest; not, as you would say,
 Directly, int'rest; mark, what *Jacob* did.
 When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd,
 That all the yeanlings, which were streak'd and pied,
 Should

Should fall as *Jacob's* hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this insert'd to make int'rest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. —
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats! 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Rialto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold : mony is your suit;
 What should I say to you? should I not say,
 Hath a dog mony? is it possible,
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this, — fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
 As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take
 A breed of barren metal of his friend?) (4)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you storm?
 I would be friends with you, and have your love;
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
 This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show;
 Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

(4) *A breed of barren Metal.*] Meaning, Mony at Usury, Mony that *breeds* more, as Mr. Pope explains it. Consonant to this Phrase, the *Latines* explain'd Interest thus; *Fœnus, fœtum accepti*: and the *Greeks* call'd it *τόκος*: both which Expressions take in our Poet's Idea of a *Breed*. As for the Contradiction betwixt *breed* and *barren*, it is a poetical Beauty in which *Claudian*, among the Classics, particularly abounds.

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it shall please me.

Anth. Content; in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Sby. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

Sby. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;
See to my house, lest in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This *Hebrew* will turn christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.





A C T II.

S C E N E, BELMONT.

Enter Morochius, a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flourish Cornets.

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where *Phæbus*' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.
 But if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
 Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a *Persian* Prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,

I would

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page; (5)
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

(5) *So is Alcides beaten by his Rage.*] Tho' the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, and it pass'd wholly unsuspected by the late Learned Editor; I am very well assur'd, and, I dare say, the Readers will be so too presently, that it is corrupt at Bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Drift, and the History of the Persons mention'd in the Context. If *Hercules* (says he) and *Lichas* were to play at Dice for the Decision of their Superiority, *Lichas*, the weaker Man, might have the better Cast of the Two. But how then is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage*? The Poet means no more, than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, so might *Hercules* himself be beaten by *Lichas*. And who was He, but a poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, that unknowingly brought his Master the envenom'd Shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur *Nessus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his pains? This one Circumstance of *Lichas*'s Quality known sufficiently ascertains the Emendation, I have substituted of *page* instead of *rage*. It is scarce requisite to hint here, it is a Point so well known, that *Page* has been always us'd in *English* to signify any Boy-Servant: as well as what latter Times have appropriated it to, a Lady's *Trainbearer*.

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Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest, or curst 'st among men! [*Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Venice.*

Enter Launcelot alone.

Laun. **C**ertainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son ——— (for indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste.) ——— well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel ill; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.*

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him. *Gob.*

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew's*?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew's* house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master *Launcelot*? (mark me now, now will I raise the waters;) talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your worship's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master *Launcelot*; talk not of master *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am fard-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son; give me your blessing, truth will come to

light

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light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy, that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the Jew's man, and, I am sure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own flesh and blood: lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that *Dobbin's* tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master *Bassanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these letters

letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew's* man, that would, Sir, as my father shall specify, —

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire, as my father shall specify, —

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce catercousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you, —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit; *Shylock*, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment To leave a rich *Jew's* service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy son: Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out; give him a livery, More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a service, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have

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have (6) a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man! and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes! well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exeunt Laun. and Gob.]

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this. These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Laun. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

[Exit *Leonardo*.]

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, ———

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must: but hear thee, *Gratiano*, Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;

(6) *Well, if any man in Italy have &c.*] The Position of the Words makes the Sentence somewhat obscure: Their natural Order should be This. *Well, if any man in Italy, which doth offer to swear upon a Book, have a fairer Table, I shall have good Luck.* And the Humour of the Passage seems This. *Launcelot*, a Joker, and designedly a Blunderer, says the very Reverse of what he should do: which is, *That if no Man in Italy, who would offer to take his Oath upon it, hath a fairer Table than He, he shall have good Fortune.* The Banter may, partly, be on *Chiromancy* in general: but it is very much in Character for *Launcelot*, who is a hungry Serving-man, to consider his Table before his Line of Life, or any other Points of Fortune.

Parts,

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Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T' allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and figh, and say, Amen;
Use all th' observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam; never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to *Shylock's House*.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I 'M sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And, *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father

See

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See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; most beautiful Pagan, most sweet *Jew*! if a christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [Exit.

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot*.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

Lor. **N**AY, we will slink away in supper-time, disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furnish us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Laun. An' it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signifie,

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the *Jew* to sup to-night with my new master the christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jessica*,

I will

I will not fail her ; speak it privately,
Go. — Gentlemen, will you prepare for this masque to
night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [Exit Laun.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good, we do so. [Exit.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all ; she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house ;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless *Jew*.
Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest ;
Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. **W**ELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*.

What, *Jessica* ! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me — what, *Jessica* ! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, *Jessica* ! I say.

Laun. Why, *Jessica* !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy.

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Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica* ;
There are my keys: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal christian. *Jessica*, my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of mony-bags to night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not
say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was
not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black
monday last, at six a-clock i'th' morning, falling out
that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the af-
ternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? hear you me, *Jessica*.
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a christian by,
Will be worth a *Jewess'* eye.

[Exit *Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of *Hagar's* off-spring, ha?

Jef. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste

His

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His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do, as I bid you. ———

Shut the doors after you ; *fast bind, fast find* ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.]

Jes. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.]

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which *Lorenzo*
desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells this hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster *Venus'* pidgeons fly (7)
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first ? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd,
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,

(7) *O, ten times faster Venus' Pidgeons fly.*] This is a very
odd Image, of *Venus's* Pidgeons flying to seal the Bonds of
Love. The Sense is obvious, and We know the Dignity due
to *Venus's* Pidgeons. There was certainly a Joke intended
here, which the Ignorance, or Boldness, of the first Transcri-
bers have murder'd : I doubt not, but *Shakespear* wrote the
Line thus :

*O, ten times faster Venus' Widgeons fly
To seal, &c.*

For *Widgeon* is not only the silly Bird so call'd, but signifies
likewise, metaphorically, a *silly Fellow*, as *Goose*, or *Gudgeon*,
does now.

Mr. Warburton.
Hugg'd

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Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo* : more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait ;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then ; come, approach ;
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within ?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I swear, that I do know your tongue,

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witness, that thou
art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me ;
For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, goodfooth, are too, too, light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ———

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild my self
With

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With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is as she hath prov'd her self;
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, to them.

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio, ———

Anth. Fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o' clock, our friends all stay for you;
No masque to night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Belmont.*

Enter Portia with Morochius, and both their trains.

Por. **G**O, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*]

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morochius*;

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be't rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve ——— why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.

Th' *Hyrceanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds

Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,

For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,

To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being

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Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold ! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon :
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key ;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye
there,

Then I am yours. *[Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl :
I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told ;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold :
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscol'd ;
Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost :
Then farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost :
Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.

[Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtains ; go —
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Venice.*

Enter Solarino and Salanio.

Sal. **W**H Y, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail ;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;
And in their ship, I'm sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under fail ;
 But there the Duke was giv'n to understand,
 That in a *Gondola* were seen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica* :
 Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
 They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets ;
 My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter,
 Fled with a christian ? O my christian ducats !
 Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter !
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stoll'n from me by my daughter !
 And jewels, two stones, rich and precious stones,
 Stoll'n by my daughter ! justice ! find the girl ;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
 Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day ;
 Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
 I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
 The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught :
 I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return : he answer'd, do not so,
 Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*.
 But stay the very riping of the time ;
 And for the *Jew's* bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,

As

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nerissa with a Servant.

The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince;
you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,
trait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
but if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
you must be gone from hence immediately.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

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F

Who

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Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire — that may be meant
 Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
 Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:
 Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity:
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? how much honour (8)
 Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:

(8) ————— how much honour

Pick'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
 To be new varnish'd.] Mr. Warburton very justly observ'd
 to me upon the Confusion and Disagreement of the *Meta-*
phors here; and is of Opinion, that *Shakespeare* might have
 wrote;

To be new vanned. ———

i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the French Word, *vanner*; which is deriv'd from the Latin, *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the Fan used for winnowing the Chaff from the Corn. This Alteration, as he observes, restores the Metaphor to its Integrity: and our Poet frequently uses the same Thought. But as *Shakespeare* is so loose and licentious in the blending of different Metaphors, I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

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I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver casket.]

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?

Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's blifs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath.

[Exit.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

F 2

Por.

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Por. Here, what would my lord ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet, I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in *April* never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee :
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him :
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! (9)

[*Exeunt.* }



A C T III.

SCENE, a Street in VENICE.

Enter Salanio and Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheckt, that
Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreckt on the
narrow seas ; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place ;
a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses

(9) *Bassanio Lord, love, if*] Mr. Pope, and all the preceding Editors have follow'd this pointing ; as imagining, I suppose, that *Bassanio* lord ——— means, Lord *Bassanio* ; but *Lord* must be coupled to *Love* : as if she had said, " Imperial
" Love, if it be thy Will, let it be *Bassanio* whom this
" Messenger foreruns.

of

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of many a tall ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my gossip *Report* be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio* — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer, (10) for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:

(10) — *lest the Devil cross my Prayer.*] But the Prayer was *Salanio's*. The other only, as Clerk, says *Amen* to it. We must therefore read — thy Prayer.

Mr. Warburton.

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but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Rialto*; a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The Villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*

Shy.

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Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*?
hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in *Franckfort*! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear; O, would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why so! and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* ———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the failors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

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Sby. Out upon her! thou torturest me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monnies.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

Sby. Nay, that's true; that's very true; go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Belmont.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I Pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
So will I never be; so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And so tho' yours, not yours; prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,

To

To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse :

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Bassanio* ? then confess,
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love :
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack ;
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then ! I am lockt in one of them ;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musick then ? then musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch ; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid, by howling *Troy*
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules* !

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Live thou, I live ; with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell.*

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :
The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? in religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* ;
Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk ?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
So are those crispy snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To

To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulcher.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' entrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught, (11)
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here chase I; joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
 O love, be moderate, allay thy extasie;
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit. [Opening the leaden Casket.]

Bass. What find I here?
 Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what Demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? move these Eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips
 Parted with fugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,

(11) *Thy Plainness moves me more than Eloquence;*] *Bassanio* is displeas'd at the golden Casket for its *Gawdiness*, and the Silver one for its *Paleness*; but, What! is he charm'd with the Leaden one for having the very same Quality that displeas'd him in the Silver? The Poet never intended such an absurd Reasoning. He certainly wrote,

Thy Plainness moves me more than Eloquence; This characterizes the Lead from the Silver, which *Paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a Beauty in the *Antithesis* between *Plainness* and *Eloquence*; between *Paleness* and *Eloquence* none.

Mr. Warburton.

Faster

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Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes, —
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks, it should have pow'r to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfinish'd : yet how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it ; so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the Substance. Here's the scrowl,
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true :
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your blifs,
 Turn you where your Lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scrowl ; fair lady, by your leave ;

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note to give, and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a Prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes ;
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
 So (thrice fair lady) stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
 Such as I am ; tho' for myself alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my Wish,
 To wish myself much better ; yet for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair ; ten thousand times
 More rich ; that, to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :

Happy

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; more happy then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits it self to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her King:
 My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same my self
 Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
 Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such Confusion in my pow'rs,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Exprest, and not exprest. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
 And when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You

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You lov'd ; I lov'd : for intermission (12)
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there ;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love ; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa* ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our Feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here ? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel ?

What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio* !

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new Interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

(12) *You lov'd ; I lov'd for intermission.*] Thus this Passage has been nonsensically pointed thro' all the Editions. If *loving for intermission* can be expounded into any Sense, I confess, I as yet am ignorant, and shall be glad to be instructed in it. But till then I must beg leave to think, the Sentence ought to be thus regulated ;

You lov'd, I lov'd ; ——— For Intermission

No more pertains to me, my Lord, than You.

i. e. standing idle ; a Pause or Discontinuance of Action. And such is the Signification of *Intermissio* and *Intermissus* amongst the *Latines*.

I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a Letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [*Bassanio opens the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger: Bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?

How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio*?

I know, he will be glad of our Success:

We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd Contents in yond same
paper,

That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,
And I must have the half of any thing
That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my self at nothing, you shall see

How

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How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my self to a dear Friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present mony to discharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest Man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por.

Por. What Sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Nerissa* and my self, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. **S**weet *Bassanio*, my ships have all mis-
carry'd, and my creditors grow cruel, my
estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and
since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all
debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but
see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure:
if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my
letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all Business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter *Shylock*, *Solarino*, *Antonio*, and the Goaler.

Shy. **G**oaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.

This is the fool, that lent out money gratis.

Goaler, look to him.

Ant.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :
I've sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause ;
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more ;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs :
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on ; pray God, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. **M** Adam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*,
Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of my self; (13)
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things. —

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,

(13) *This comes too near the praising of my self;
Therefore no more of it: here other things,*

Lorenzo, I commit, &c.] Thus has this Passage been
writ and pointed, but absurdly, thro' all the Editions. *Portia*
finding the reflections she had made came too near Self-praise,
begins to chide herself for it: says, She'll say no more of that
Sort; but call a new Subject. The Regulation I have made
in the Text was likewise prescrib'd by Dr. Thirlby.

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To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this Imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of lord *Bassanio* and my self.
So fare you well, 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well-pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, *Balthazar*,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this (14)
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor *Bellarion*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

(14) *In speed to Mantua*;) Thus all the old Copies; and thus all the Modern Editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent Reader, that We must restore, as I have done, *In speed to Padua*: For it was there, and not at *Mantua*, *Bellarion* liv'd. So afterwards;—*A Messenger, with Letters from the Doctor, New come from Padua*—And again, *Came you from Padua, from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario*.—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the Place of Education for the Civil Law in *Italy*.

Por.

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Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. [Exeunt.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother ; thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he ; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another : this making of christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say : here he comes :

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo* ; *Launcelot* and I are out ; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* Daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the common-wealth ; for, in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* should be more than reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor.

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Lor. Good lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *[Exit Laun.]*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how far'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.
For, having such a Blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

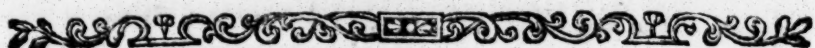
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Senate-house in Venice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Senators ; Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano, at the Bar.*

D U K E.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee ; thou art come to
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.

Sal. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so hudled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose.
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that.
But say, it is my humour; is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection. (15)

Masterless

(15) *Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.*

Masterless passion sways it to the Mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.] *Masterless Passion* was first

Mr. *Rowe's* Reading, (on what Authority, I am at a loss to know;) which Mr. *Pope* has since copied. And tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, yet, I must observe, I don't know what Word there is to which this Relative [*it*, in the 2d Line] is to be referr'd. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, would thus adjust the Passage.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended ;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear *Anthony*, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Sby. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

Sby. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Sby. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with a Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

Cannot contain their Urine ; for Affection,

** Master of Passion, sways it &c. * Or, Mistress.*

And then it is govern'd of *Passion* : and the two old *Quarto's*
 and *Folio's* read.——Masters of *Passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *Affection* and *Passion* are Synonymous Terms, and mean the same thing. I agree, they do at this time. But I observe, the Writers of our Author's Age made a sort of Distinction: considering the One as the Cause, the Other as the Effect. And then, in this place, *Affection* will stand for that *Sympathy* or *Antipathy* of Soul, by which we are provok'd to shew a *Liking* or *Disgust* in the Working of our *Passions*.

When

When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder !)
 His *Jewish* heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means;
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is fix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish part,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands ; you will answer,
 The slaves are ours. So do I answer you :
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of *Venice* :
 I stand for judgment ; answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this Court,
 Unless *Bellarion*, a learned Doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without,
 A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
 New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, *Antonio* ; what, man, courage
 yet :

The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

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Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*? (16)

Ner. From both, my lord : *Bellarion* greets your
Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soale, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew, (17)

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curst spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

(16) *From both: my Lord Bellario greets your Grace.*] Thus the two old *Folio's*, and *Mr. Pope* in his *Quarto*, had inaccurately pointed this Passage, by which a Doctor of Laws was at once rais'd to the Dignity of the Peerage.

(17) *Not on thy Soale, but on thy Soul, harsh Jew.*] I was obliged, from the Authority of the old *Folio's*, to restore this Conceit and Jingle upon two Words alike in Sound, but differing in Sense. *Gratiano* thus rates the *Jew*; "Tho' thou thinkest, that thou art whetting thy Knife on the Soale of thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy Soul, thy immortal Part, that thou dost it, thou inexorable Man!" There is no room to doubt, but this was our Author's *Antithesis*; as it is so usual with him to play on Words in this manner: and That from the Mouth of his most serious Characters.

Ev'n

Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it self in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Sby. 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time, the Court shall hear *Bellario's* letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend estimation; For I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

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Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the Court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock*?

Shy. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Anth.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his Crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, — I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

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Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales, to weigh the flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well!

Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:

For herein fortune shews herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;

Tell her the process of *Antonio's* end;

Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend;

And he repents not, that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life it self;

But life it self, my wife, and all the world,

Are

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

I would lose all; ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would, she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some Pow'r to change this curriish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands. I've a daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! a sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of christian blood; thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiscate

Unto the state of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy self shall see the Act:

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*, a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. The *Jew* shall have all justice; soft! no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Jew*! an upright judge, a learned judge!

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Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh ;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court ;
He shall have meerly justice, and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I ; a second *Daniel* !
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew*.

The law hath yet another hold on you :
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice :
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down,

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thy self;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is *Anthony's*;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for *Anthony*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house: you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthony*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the gentleman,

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a christian;

The other, that he do record a Gift

Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the Deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do 't.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers.

Had

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Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more, (18)
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly dodesire your Grace of pardon;
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear 'em for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

(18) ——— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a Jury of
Twelve Men, to condemn thee to be hang'd.

Bass.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than is the value,
The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exit with Nerissa.*]

Anth. My lord *Bassanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto *Anthonio's* house: away, make haste. [*Exit Gra.*]
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew's* house out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenza*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,

I pray

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I pray you, shew my Youth old *Shylock's* house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring: [To *Por.*

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;

But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too:

Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house? [Exit.



A C T V.

SCENE, Belmont. *A Grove, or green Place, before Portia's House.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

L O R E N Z O.

T H E moon shines bright: In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand:
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
 That did renew old *Æson*.

Lor. In such a night,
 Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy *Jew*,
 And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
 As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. And in such a night,
 Did young *Lorenzo* swear, he lov'd her well ;
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
 And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
 Did pretty *Jessica*, (like a little shrew)
 Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come :
 But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night ?

Mes. A friend.

Lor. What friend ? your name, I pray you, friend ?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
 My mistress will before the break of day
 Be here at *Belmont* : she doth stray about
 By holy Crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
 For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Mes. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
 I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him :
 But go we in, I pray thee, *Jessica*,
 And ceremoniously let us prepare
 Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola ; wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see master *Lorenzo* and mistress
Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollowing, man : here.

Laun.

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Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

[*Exit Stephano.*]

And bring your musick forth into the air.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, *Jessica*: look, how the floor of heav'n

Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;

Such harmony is in immortal sounds! (19)

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with musick.

(19) *Such Harmony is in immortal Souls;*] But the Harmony here described is That of the Sphere, so much celebrated by the Antients. He says, the *smallest Orb sings like an Angel*; and then subjoins, *Such Harmony is in immortal Souls*: But the Harmony of Angels is not here meant, but of the Orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the Poet alludes to the Notion, that each Orb has its *Intelligence* or *Angel* to direct it; for then with no Propriety could he say, the *Orb sung like an Angel*: he should rather have said, the *Angel in the Orb sung*. We must therefore correct the Line thus;

Such Harmony is in immortal Sounds:

i. e., in the Musick of the Spheres.

Mr. Warburton.

J. P.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.
[*Musick.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus* :
Let no such man be trusted — Mark the musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall :
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick, hark ! [*Musick.*]

Ner. It is the musick, Madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
It must appear in other ways than words ;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To Nerissa.*
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me, whose poesie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife ; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesie, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave :
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk ! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the Judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And

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And swear, I lost the ring defending it.

[*Aside.*

Gra. My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heav'n, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. Now, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life

Of

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself ———

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,

[To *Portia*.
Had

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Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord *Bassanio*, I wear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heav'n, it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Bassanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*:

There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo* here,

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?

My

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jessica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a special Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I'm sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first interr'gatory,
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



LOVE'S

THE JOURNAL OF J. H. B. 1857

1857. The first of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The wind was very strong, and the rain was very much.

The second of the year was a very warm one, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was very light, and the rain was very little.

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The sixth of the year was a very warm one, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was very light, and the rain was very little.

The seventh of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The wind was very strong, and the rain was very much.



H. Gravelot in & del. Vol. 2. P. 169.

G. Van Gucht scul.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost.

A

C O M E D Y



VOL. II.

H



Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,
Longaville, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his*
Dumain, } *retirement.*

Boyet, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of France.*
Macard, }

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Nathaniel, a Curate.

Dull, a Constable.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Don Adriano de Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
Maria, }
Catharine, }

Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and
Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the*
Country near it.



LOVE'S



LOVE'S LABOUR'S *lost.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain.

K I N G.



ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs ;
And then grace us in the disgrace of death :
When, spight of cormorant devouring
Time,

Th' endeavour of this present breath may
buy

That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge ;
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave Conquerors ! for so you are,

That war against your own Affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires ;

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;

Our court shall be a little academy,

Still and contemplative in living arts.

You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,*

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow Scholars ; and to keep those Statutes,

H 2

That

That are recorded in this schedule here.
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names :
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein :
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd ; 'tis but a three years fast :
 The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine ;
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bank'roust the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd :
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years :
 But there are other strict observances ;
 As, not to see a woman in that term,
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
 And one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside ;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
 And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an' if you please ;
 I only swore to study with your Grace,
 And stay here in your Court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, *Biron*, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of study ? let me know ?

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
 know.

Biron.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know ;

As thus ; to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid ; (1)

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid :

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

King. These be the stops, that hinder study quite ;
And train our Intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain ;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look :

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile ;
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks ;

(1) *When I to fast expressly am forbid.*] This is the Reading of all the Copies in general ; but I would fain ask our accurate Editors, if *Biron* studied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know ? Common Sense, and the whole Tenour of the Context require us to read, either as I have restor'd ; or to make a Change in the last Word of the Verse, which will bring us to the same Meaning ;

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When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;
i. e. when I am enjoind beforehand to fast.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost,
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say, I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth? (2)

At

(2) *Why should I joy in an abortive Birth?*

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Than wish a Snow in May's new-fangled Shows:

But like of each thing, that in Season grows.] As the

greatest part of this Scene (both what proceeds and follows;) is strictly in Rhymes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*; I am persuaded, the Copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *Triplet* of the three last Lines quoted, *Birth* in the Close of the first Line is quite destitute of any Rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing Identity of Sound recurs in the Middle and Close of this Verse?

Than wish a Snow in May's new-fangled Shows,

Again; *new-fangled Shows* seems to have very little Propriety. The Flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the Earth is *new-fangled* by the Profusion and Variety of the Flowers, that spring on its Bosom in *May*. I have therefore ventur'd to substitute,
Earth,

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,
Than with a snow in *May's* new fangled Earth :
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house t' unlock the little gate.

King. Well, fit you out — Go home, *Biron* : Adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. Item, That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court. [reading.]

Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue : ——— [reading.]

Who devis'd this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility ! (3)

Item,

Earth, in the close of the 3d Line, which restores the *alternate Measure*. It was very easy for a negligent Transcriber to be deceiv'd by the Rhyme immediately preceding ; so mistake the concluding Word in the sequent Line, and corrupt it into One that would chime with the Other.

(3) *A dangerous Law against Gentility.*] I have ventur'd to prefix the name of *Biron* to this Line, it being evident, for two Reasons, that it, by some Accident or other, slipt out of the printed Books. In the first place, *Longaville* confesses, he had devis'd the Penalty : and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous Law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for *Biron* to make this Reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing ; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining Articles. ———

Item, [reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
 For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The *French* King's daughter with yourself to speak,
 A maid of grace and compleat majesty,
 About surrender up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father :
 Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot ;
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should :
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force, dispense with this decree,
 She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :
 For every man with his affects is born :

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me ;
 I am forsworn on meer necessity. ———

So to the laws at large I write my name,
 And he that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;
 But I believe, although I seem so loth,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.

As to the Word *Gentility*, here, it does not signify that Rank of People call'd, *Gentry* ; but what the *French* expresses by, *gentilles*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the Meaning is this. Such a Law for banishing Women from the Court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *Politeness, Urbanity*, and the more refin'd Pleasures of Life. For Men without Women would turn brutal, and savage, in their Natures and Behaviour.

But

But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is ; our Court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony :
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie :
And I will use him for my minstrelsie.

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

Long. *Costard* the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;
And, so to study, three years are but short.

Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.

Dull. Which is the King's own person ? (4)

Biron. This, fellow ; what would'st ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his Grace's Tharborough : but I would see his own per-
son in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, — *Arme* — commends you.
There's villany abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

(4) *Dull.* Which is the Duke's own Person ?] The King of Na-
uarre is in several Passages, thro' all the Copies, call'd the *Duke* ;
but as this must have sprung rather from the Inadvertence of
the Editors, than a Forgetfulness in the Poet, I have every
where, to avoid Confusion, restor'd *King* to the Text.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience! (5)

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cofi. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cofi. In manner and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cofi. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cofi. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

(5) *A bigb hope for a low heaven;]* A low heaven, sure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. But our accurate Editors seem to observe the Rule of *Horace*, whenever a moot Point flaggars them, *diagnus vindice modus*; and where they cannot overcome a difficulty, they bring in *Heaven* to untie the Knot. As *God grant us Patience* immediately follow'd, they thought, *Heaven of Consequence* must be coupled with it. But, I dare warrant, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this: "Tho' you hope for high Words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best." This our Poet calls a *low Having*: and it is a Substantive, which he uses in several other Passages.

King.

King. *G*reat deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole
[reads.] dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God,
and body's fostering patron —

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is —

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in
telling true, but so.

King. Peace —

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words —

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, *Besieged with sable coloured melancholy.*
I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most
wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am
a gentleman, betook myself to walk: The time, when?
about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best
peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd
supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground,
which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped,
thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean,
I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event,
that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon colour'd
ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or
seest. But to the place, where; It standeth north north-
east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-
knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited
swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me?) that
unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me?) that shallow
vassal, (Cost. Still me?) which, as I remember, hight
Costard; (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary
to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon,
with, with, — O with, — but with this I passion
to say wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a fe-
male; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I
(as my ever esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee,
to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's
officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage,
bearing, and estimation.

Dull.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you : I am *Anthony Dull*.

King. For *Jaquenetta*, (*so is the weaker vessel call'd*) which I apprehended with the *aforesaid fwain*, I keep her as a vassal of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay ; the best for the worst. But sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence ; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir : for true it is, I was
taken

taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl ; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity : affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. BOY, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no ; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile* ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior ? why, tough Signior ?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile* ? why, tender *Juvenile* ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little ! pretty, because little ; wherefore apt ?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What ? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood. ———

Moth.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crost.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'sie. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. *Hercules*, master.

Arm. Most sweet *Hercules*! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. *Sampson*, master; he was a man of good carriage;

riage ; great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well knit *Sampson*, strong jointed *Sampson* ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampson's* love, my dear *Moth* ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampson* had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown ;

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was guilty of such a ballad some three

three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid.

Dull. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing : maid,——

Jaq. Man,——

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away. (6)

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm.

(6) Maid. Fair Weather after you. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.] Thus all the printed Copies ; but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence, They make *Jaquenetta*, and a *Maid* enter :

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see——

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [Exeunt *Moth* and *Costard*.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my

enter: whereas *Jaquenetta* is the only Maid intended by the Poet, and who is committed to the Custody of *Dull*, to be convey'd by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Case, it is evident to Demonstration, that——*Fair Weather after you*——must be spoken by *Jaquenetta*; and then that *Dull* says to her, *Come, Jaquenetta, away*, as I have regulated the Text.

turn,

turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.



A C T II.

SCENE, before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, Lords and other attendants.

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits;
Consider, whom the King your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
Your self, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless *Navarre*; the plea, of no less weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now, to task the tasker; good Boyet,

You

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful study shall out wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent Court;
Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
Like humble-vifag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit*.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,
Between lord *Perigot* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should spare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so much, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
 I saw him at the Duke *Alanson's* once,
 And much too little of that good I saw,
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
 Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;
 For every object, that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales;
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,
 That every one her own hath garnished
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
 And he and his competitors in oath
 Were all addrest to meet you, gentle lady,
 Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes *Navarre*.

*Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and
 Attendants.*

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I
 have

have not yet : the roof of this Court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping :

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord ;

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my Coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question ?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair falls the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none !

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
 The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
 Being but th' one half of an intire sum,
 Disburſed by my father in his wars.
 But ſay, that he, or we, as neither have,
 Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
 One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
 Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
 If then the King your father will reſtore
 But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
 And hold fair friendship with his Majeſty:
 But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands, (7)
 On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns
 To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the mony by our father lent,
 Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.
 Dear Princeſs, were not his requests ſo far
 From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make

(7) ————— *And not demands*
One payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
To have his Title live in Aquitaine.]

The old Books concur in this Reading, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it; tho', as I conceive, it is ſtark Nonſenſe, and repugnant to the Circumſtance ſuppos'd by our Poet. I have, by reforming the Pointing, and throwing out a ſingle Letter, reſtor'd, I believe, the genuine Senſe of the Paſſage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd, it ſeems, to *Navarre's* father, for 200000 Crowns. The *French King* pretends to have paid one Moiety of this Debt, (which *Navarre* knows nothing of,) but demands this Moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays *Navarre*) he ſhould rather pay the remaining Moiety, and demand to have *Aquitain* redeliver'd up to him. This is plain and eaſy Reaſoning upon the Fact ſuppos'd; and *Navarre* declares, he had rather receive the Reſidue of his Debt, than detain the Province mortgag'd for Security of it,

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast ;
And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word :
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto :
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates ;
But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
'Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house :
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell ;
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace !

King. Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.

[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. I pray you, do my commendations ;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros.

Ros. My physick says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No, point, with my knife.

Biron. Now God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that
fame?

Boyet. The heir of *Alanfon*, *Rosaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the
light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for her self; to desire That,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended,
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended:
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [Exit Biron.

Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep (sweet lamb) unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd

On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye sight to be:

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair;

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;

Who tending their own worth, from whence they were
glafst,

Did point out to buy them, along as you past.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd --

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of
him.

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father
is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. (8) [Exeunt.

SCENE, the Park ; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. **W**Arble, child ; make passionate my sense of
hearing.

Moth. Concolinel ——— [Singing.

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderness of years ; take this
key, give enlargement to the swain ; bring him festi-
nately hither : I must employ him in a letter to my
love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *French*
brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*?

(8) *Boyet.* *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the Books,
the 2d Act is made to end : but in my Opinion very mistaken-
ly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four last
Acts from the printed Copies, for these Reasons. Hitherto,
the 2d Act has been of the extent of 7 Pages : the 3d but of
5 ; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this Disproportion
of Length has crouded too many Incidents into some Acts,
and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them
into a much better Equality ; and distributed the Business like-
wise, (such as it is,) into a more uniform Cast.

Moth. No, my compleat master (9) but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuft up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doub'et, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note (10): do you note men, that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O ———

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot. (11)

Arm.

(9) *Moth.* *No, my compleat Master, &c.*] This whole Speech has been so terribly confus'd in the Pointing, through all the Editions hitherto, that not the least glimmering of Sense was to be pick'd out of it. As I have regulated the Passage, I think, *Moth* delivers both good *Sense* and good *Humour*.

(10) — *these betray nice Wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note.*] Thus, all the Editors, with a Sagacity worthy of Wonder. But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of *Lovers*, by which they betray young *Wenches*; should have power to make those young *Wenches* *Men of Note*? This is a Transformation, which, I dare say, the Poet never thought of. His Meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *Girls*, but make the *Men* taken notice of too, who affect them.

(11) *Arm.* *But O, but O ———*

Moth. *The Hobby-horse is forgot.*] The Humour of this Reply of *Moth's* to *Armado*, who is sighing in Love, cannot be taken without a little Explanation: nor why there should be any room for making such a Reply. In the Rites formerly observ'd for the Celebration of *May-day*, besides those now

Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her, *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse; for he is very slow-gated: but I go.

us'd of hanging a Pole with Garlands, and dancing round it, a Boy was drest up representing Maid Marian; another, like a Friar; and another rode on a Hobby-horse, with Bells jingling, and painted Streamers. After the Reformation took place, and *Precisians* multiplied, these latter Rites were look'd upon to favour of *Paganism*; and then Maid Marian, the Friar, and the poor Hobby-horse were turn'd out of the Games. Some, who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the Disuse of the Hobby-horse, no doubt, satiriz'd this Suspicion of Idolatry, and archly wrote the Epitaph above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!* — humourously pieces out his Exclamation with the Sequel of this Epitaph: which is putting his Master's Love-Passion, and the Loss of the Hobby-horse, on a Footing.

Arm.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoak of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of
grace;

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must fight in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken in
a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *l'envoy*
begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the
male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'en-*
voy, no *l'envoy*, or salve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my
stars! doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and
the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy*
a salve;

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and
do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And itay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose,
that's flat;

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;

How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;

Thus came the argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken
in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will speak that *l'envoy*.

Costard running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some
l'envoy, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty;
enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance,
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this;
bear

bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta* ; there is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. —

[*Exit*.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior *Costard*, adieu.

[*Exit*.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-cony *Jew* ! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings : three farthings remuneration : What's the price of this inkle ? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration : why, it carries it. Remuneration ! — why, it is a fairer name than a *French* crown (12). I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *Biron*.

Biron. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay, slave, I must employ thee :
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir ?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir : fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

(12) No, I'll give you a Remuneration : Why ? it carries its Remuneration. Why ? it is a fairer Name than a French Crown.] Thus this Passage has hitherto been writ and pointed, without any Regard to Common Sense, or Meaning. The Reform that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

Cost. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park :

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her ; ask for her,

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

Cost. Guerdon, — O sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better : most sweet guerdon ! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration. — [Exit.

Biron. O ! and I, forsooth, in love !

I, that have been love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humourous sigh :

A critick ; nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal more magnificent.

This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This Signior *Junio's* giant dwarf, *Dan Cupid*, (13)

Regent

(13) *This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the Opinion ;) that as there was a Contrast of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the Words immediately preceding them ; and therefore that we should restore,

This Senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.

i. e. this old, young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this Play, a Description of *Cupid*, which sorts very aptly with such an Emendation.

That was the way to make his Godhead wax,

For he hath been five thousand years a Boy.

The Conjecture is exquisitely well imagin'd, and ought by all means to be embrac'd, unless there is reason to think, that, in the former Reading, there is an Allusion to some Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventur'd to disturb the Text, because there seems to me some reason

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans :
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents :
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces :
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting parators : (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his File, (14)
And wear his colours ! like a tumbler, stoop !
What ? I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing ; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right !
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard ;

son to suspect, that our Author is here alluding to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Bonduca*. In that Tragedy there is the Character of one *Junius*, a Roman Captain, who falls in Love to Distraction with one of *Bonduca's* Daughters ; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Passion. He is afterwards cur'd of his Infirmary, and is as absolute a Tyrant against the Sex. Now, with regard to these two Extremes, *Cupid* might very properly be stiled *Junius's* giant-dwarf : A Giant in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him ; but shrunk into a Dwarf, so soon as he had got the better of it.

(14) *And I to be a Corporal of his Field,*

And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop !]

A Corporal of a Field is a quite new Term : neither did the Tumblers ever adorn their hoops with Ribbands, that I can learn : for Those were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his Sword : Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the Case in hand. But to stoop like a Tumbler agrees not only with that Profession, and the servile Condescensions of a Lover, but with what follows in the Context. What misled the wise Transcribers at first, seems This : When once the Tumbler appear'd, they thought, his Hoop must not be far behind.

Mr. Warburton.

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go to: — It is a plague,
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.]



A C T III.

S C E N E, a Pavilion in the Park near the
 Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
 Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that spurr'd his horse so
 hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch;

On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say,
 no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here,

Here, good my glafs, take this for telling true ;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

Prin. See, fee, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these days !
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow ; now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't :
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill ;
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question ; so it is sometimes ;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill.
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self sovereignty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise ; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you den all ; pray you which is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest ? it is so, truth is truth.

An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir ? what's your will ?

Cost.

Coff. I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady
Rosaline.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter : he's a good friend of
mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve ; (15)
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;

It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible ;
true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou
art lovely ; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beau-
teous, truer than truth itself ; have commiseration
on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most
illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and
indubitate beggar *Zenelophon* ; and he it was that
might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici* ; which to anatomize
in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*,
he came, saw, and overcame ; he came, one ; saw,
two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the King ? Why
did he come ? to see. Why did he see ? to over-
come. To whom came he ? to the beggar. What
saw he ? the beggar. Who overcame he ? the beggar.
The conclusion is victory ; on whose side ? the King's ;
the captive is enrich'd : on whose side ? the beggar's.
The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ? the

(15) *Boyet, you can carve :*

Break up this Capon.] i. e. open this Letter.

Our Poet uses this Metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet* ;
which signifies both a young Fowl, and a love-letter. *Poulet*,
amatoria Littera ; says *Richelet* : and quotes from *Voiture*, *Ré-
pondre au plus obligeant Poulet du Monde* ; To reply to the most
obliging Letter in the World. The *Italians* use the same man-
ner of Expression, when they call a Love-Epistle, *una Polli-
cetta amorosa*. I ow'd the Hint of this equivocal use of the
Word to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Bishop*.

King's ?

King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparifon) thou the beggar, for fo witneffeth thy lowlinefs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What fhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy felf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Tbine in the deareft design of induftry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doft thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainft thee, thou lamb, that ftandeft as his prey;
Submiffive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ftrive (poor foul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repafture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ftile.

Prin. Elfe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,

A phantafme, a monarcho, and one that makes fport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Coft. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom fhould'ft thou give it?

Coft. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coft. From my lord *Berown*, a good mafter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rofaline*.

Prin. Thou haft miftaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here,

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[Exit Princess attended.]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on. ———

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, your self; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed. ———

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her
now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy,
as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;
An' I cannot, another can.*

[Exit Ros.]

Cos. By my troth, most pleasant; how both did
fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both
did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark,
says my lady;

Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it
may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is
out.

Cos. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit
the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand
is in.

Cos.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing ; good night my good owl. [*Exeunt all but Costard.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain ; a most simple clown !

Lord, Lord ! how the ladies and I have put him down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most in-cony vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely ; as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side, — O, a most dainty man ;

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear :

And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit ;

Ah, heav'ns ! it is a most patheticall Nit.

[*Exit Costard.*]

[*Shouting within.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood ; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication ; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were his inclination ; after his undressed unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlet-

unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; (16) and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be for those parts, (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than He.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Dietyнна*, good-man *Dull*; *Dietyнна*, good-man *Dull*.

(16)—*And such barren Plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling are for those Parts that do fructify in us more than be.*] If this be not a stubborn Piece of Nonsense, I'll never venture to judge of common Sense. That Editors should take such Passages upon Content, is, surely, surprising. The Words, 'tis plain, have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transpos'd and corrupted. The Emendation I have offer'd, I hope, restores the Author: At least, I am sure, it gives him Sense and Grammar; and answers extremely well to his Metaphors taken from *planting*—*Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, signifies, to rise higher and higher; *audare di grado in grado*, to make a Progression; and so at length come to *fructify*, as the Poet expresses it.

Mr. Warburton.

Dull.

Dull. What is *Diſtynna*?

Nath. A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master *Holofernes*, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt

A pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore,

'Till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore,

Then sorel jumpt from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel,

The people fall a booting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore

Makes fifty sores, O sorel!

Of one sore I an hundred make,

By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects,

objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. Mebercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead, a good Lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatbo*; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelidâ* 17) *quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may

(17) *Nath. Fauste, precor, gelidâ*] Tho' all the Editions concur to give this Speech to *Sir Nathaniel*, yet, as *Dr. Thirlby* ingeniously observ'd to me, it is evident, it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employ'd in reading the Letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the Stage may not stand still, *Holofernes* either pulls out a Book; or, repeating some Verses by heart from *Mantuanus*, comments upon the Character of that Poet. *Baptista Spagnolus*, (surnamed *Mantuanus*, from the Place of his Birth;) was a voluminous Writer of Poems, who flourish'd towards the latter End of the 15th Century.

speaking

Speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia*.
Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia (18). Old
Mantuan, old *Mantuan*! Who understandeth thee not,
 loves thee not: — *ut re sol la mi fa*. Under pardon, Sir,
 what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in
 his: What! my soul! verses? (19).

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, Domine*.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
 to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
 Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
 prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
 bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
 Where all those pleasures live, that art would com-
 prehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee com-
 mend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts ad-
 mire;

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful
 thunder;

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet
 fire.

(18) *Venechi, venacbe a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.*] Thus
 Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope, from the old blundering Editions.
 But that these Gentlemen, Poets, Scholars, and Linguists,
 could not afford to restore this little Scrap of true *Italian*, is
 to me unaccountable. Our Author is applying the Praises of
Mantuanus to a common proverbial Sentence, said of *Venice*,
Vinegia, *Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia*. O *Venice*,
Venice, he, who has never seen thee, has thee not in Esteem.

(19) *What! my Soul! Verses?*] As our Poet has mention'd
Horace, I presume, he is here alluding to this Passage in his
 I. Sermon. 9. *Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?*

Celestial

Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet (20). Here are only numbers ratify'd (21); but for the elegancy, faci-

(20) *Let me supervise the Cangenet.*] If the Editors have met with any such Word, it is more than I have done, or, I believe, ever shall do. Our Author wrote *Canzonet*, from the Italian Word *Canzonetto*, a little Song.

(21) *Nath.* *Here are only Numbers ratified;*] Tho' this Speech has been all along plac'd to Sir *Nathaniel*, I have ventur'd to join it to the preceding Words of *Holofernes*; and not without Reason. The Speaker here is impeaching the Verses; but Sir *Nathaniel*, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: besides, as Dr. *Thirlby* observes, almost every Word of this Speech fathers itself on the Pedant: So much for the Regulation of it: now, a little, to the Contents.

And why indeed Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? the jerks of Invention imitary is nothing.

Sagacity with a Vengeance! I should be asham'd to own my self a piece of a Scholar, to pretend to the Task of an Editor, and to pass such Stuff as this upon the World for genuine. Who ever heard of *Invention imitary*? Invention and Imitation have ever been accounted two distinct Things. The Speech is by a Pedant, who frequently throws in a Word of *Latin* amongst his *English*; and he is here flourishing upon the Merit of Invention, beyond That of Imitation, or copying after another. My Correction makes the Whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries Conviction along with it. Again:

So doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his Keeper, the tired Horse his Rider.

The Pedant here, to run down Imitation, shews that it is a Quality within the Capacity of Beasts; that the Dog and the Ape are taught to copy Tricks by their Master and Keeper; and so is the *tir'd* Horse by his Rider. This last is a wonderful Instance; but it happens not to be true. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniously saw, that the Author must have wrote ——— *the tried Horse his Rider*.

i. e. One, *exercis'd*, and broke to the *Manage*: for he obeys every Sign, and Motion of the Rein, or of his Rider.

lity,

lity, and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider: But *Damofella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much: stay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard*, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay: *Pauca verba*. Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself. They have pitch'd a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, set thee down, sorrow: for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*he stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets. —

King. [*reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew;
 But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell. —

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
 [*The King steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What? *Longaville!* and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing
 papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that
 I know;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of
 society,

The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
 move:

O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton *Cupid's* hose:
 Disfigure not his sloop. (22)

Long.

(22) *Ob, Rhymes are Guards on wanton Cupid's Hose;*
Disfigure not his Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in
 this Error; but what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt *Cu-*
pid's Hose and his *Shop*? Or, what Relation can those two
 Terms have to one another? Or, what, indeed, can be under-
 stood

Long. The same shall go. [he reads the sonnet.
 Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
 Perswade my heart to this false perjury,
 Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment :
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love :
 Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is ;
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To lose an oath to win a Paradise ?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity ;
 A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
 God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this ? — company ?
 stay. —

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play ;
 Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets headfully o'er-eye :
 More sacks to the mill ! O heav'ns, I have my wish ;
Dumain transform'd ? four woodcocks in a dish ?

Dum. O most divine *Kate* !

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb ! [aside.

stood by *Cupid's Shop* ? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reform'd the Text. *Slops* are large and wide-kneed Breeches, the Garb in fashion in our Author's Days, as we may observe from old Family Pictures ; but they are now worn only by Boors and Sea-faring Men ; and we have Dealers whose sole Business it is to furnish the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, &c. who are call'd, *Slop-men* ; and their Shops, *Slop-shops*.

Dum.

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie. (23)
[*aside.*]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
[*aside.*]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*aside.*]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine. [*aside.*]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*aside.*]

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aside.*]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good
word? [*aside.*]

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, incision
Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [*aside.*]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit.
[*aside.*]

Dumaine reads his sonnet.

On a day, (alack, the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

(23) By *Earth*, she is not, corporal, there you lie.] *Dumaine*, one of the Lovers in spite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short Soliloquies of Admiration on his Mistress; and *Biron*, who stands behind as an Eves-dropper, takes Pleasure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But *Dumaine* was a young Lord: He had no Sort of Post in the Army: What Wit, or Allusion, then, can there be in *Biron's* calling him *Corporal*? I dare warrant, I have restor'd the Poet's true Meaning, which is this. *Dumaine* calls his Mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal Eye; and *Biron* in flat Terms denies these hyperbolical Praises. I scarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uses *corporal*, as *corporeal*.

Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lower, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee :
 Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain ;
 O, would the King, Biron and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example Ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note :
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society : [coming forward.
 You may look pale ; but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush ; as his, your case is such ;
 [coming forward.

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
 You do not love Maria ? Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart :
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.

Ay

Ay me! says one; O *Jove*! the other cries;
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
 You would for Paradise break faith and troth;
 And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
 Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[coming forward.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
 There is no certain Princess that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote, the King your mote did see:
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Knot!
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a jig,
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
 And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast?
 A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company
 With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
 A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
 Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. *Biron*, read it over.

[*He reads the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou
 tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
 not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born
 to do me shame.

[*To Costard.*]

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
 up the mess.

He,

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four :
Will these turtles begone ?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaquen.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace :

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face :

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born :

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde,*

At the first opening of the gorgeous east)

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her Majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee
now ?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon ;

She (an attending star) scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty

Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want it self doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;

Fie, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs :

She passes praise ; the praise, too short, doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy ;
 O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine ! (24)

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book,
 That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

No face is fair, that is not full so black ?

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell :

The hue of dungeons, and the fowl of night ; (25)
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
 light :

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
 It mourns, that Painting and usurping Hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her Favour turns the fashion of the days,
 For native blood is counted painting now ;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints it self black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted
 bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

(24 *Is Ebony like her ? O Word divine !*) This is the Reading of all the Editions that I have seen : but both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectur'd) *O Wood divine !*

(25) ——— *black is the badge of Hell ;*

The hue of dungeons, and the School of Night.] Black, being the School of Night, is a Piece of Mystery above my Comprehension. I had guess'd, it should be, *the Stole of Night* : but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images.

Dum.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day:

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face
see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies.
The street should see as she walkt over head.

King. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; ——— some flattery for
this evil.

Long. O, some Authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some falve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms;

Consider, what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)

In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of Study's excellence.

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;

They are the ground, the book, the academies,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire :
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
 As motion and long-during Action tires
 The sinewy Vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in That forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And Study too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then, when our selves we see in ladies eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our Learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain :
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious Seeing to the eye :
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind !
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious head of thrift is stopt. (26)

Love's

(26) *A Lover's Ear will bear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious Head of Theft is stop'd.]*

I have ventur'd to substitute a Word here, against the Authority of all the printed Copies. There is no Contrast of Terms, betwixt a *Lover* and a *Thief* : but betwixt a *Lover* and a *Man of Thrift* there is a remarkable *Antithesis*. Nor is it true
 in

Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
 For Savour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*? (27)
 Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair:
 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods, (28)
 Mark, Heaven drowsie with the harmony!

in Fact, I believe, that a *Thief*, harden'd to the Profession, is always suspicious of being apprehended; but He may sleep as sound as an honest Man. But, according to the Ideas we have of a *Miser*, a Man who makes *Lucre* and *Pelf* his sole Object and Pursuit, his Sleeps are broken and disturb'd with perpetual Apprehensions of being robb'd of his darling Treasure: consequently, his Ear is upon the *attentive Bent*, even when he sleeps best.

(27) *For Valour is not Love a Hercules.*

Still climbing Trees in the Hesperides?]

I have here again ventur'd to transgress against the printed Books. The Poet is here observing how all the Senses are refin'd by Love. But what has the poor Sense of Smelling done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then *Hercules's* *Valour* was not in climbing the Trees, but in attacking the Dragon *gardant*. I rather think, the Poet meant, that *Hercules* was allured by the *Odour* and *Fragrancy* of the golden Apples.

(28) *And when Love speaks, the Voice of all the Gods,*

Make Heaven drowsie with the Harmony.]

As this is writ and pointed in all the Copies, there is neither *Sense*, nor *Concord*; as will be obvious to every understanding Reader. The fine and easy Emendation, which I have inserted in the Text, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. His Comment on Heaven being *drowsie* with the *Harmony* is no less ingenious; and therefore, I'll subjoin it in his own Words. "Musick, we must observe, in our Author's time, had a very different Use to what it has now. At present, it is only employ'd to raise and inflame the Passions; then, to calm and allay all kind of Perturbations. And, agreeable to this Observation, throughout all *Shakespeare's* Plays, where Musick is either actually used, or its Power describ'd, 'tis always said to be for these Ends.

Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. —
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear :
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake (a word, that all men love)
 Or for love's sake, (a word, that loves all men ;)
 Or for mens sake, (the author of these women ;)
 Or womens sake, (by whom we men are men ;)
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find our selves ;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our Oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity it self fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ; but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the fun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these gloses by ;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France* ?

King. And win them too ; therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them thither ;

Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress ; in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape :
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron.

Biron. Allons! Allons! sown Cockle reap'd no corn; (29)

And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel and Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.

S *Atis, quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without Scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without Impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado*.

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table book.*]

(29) Alone, alone, sown'd Cockrel,] The Editors, sure, could have no Idea of this Passage. *Biron* begins with a repetition in *French* of what the King had said in *English*; *Away, away!* and then proceeds with a proverbial Expression, inciting them to what he had before advis'd, from this Inference; if *We only sow Cockle, we shall never reap Corn.* i. e. If we don't take the proper Measures for winning these Ladies, we shall never atchieve them. *Mr. Warburton.*

Hol.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such insociable and *point-de-vise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: (30) it insinuateth me of Infanie: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* ——— *bone*, for *benè*; *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

(30) *It insinuateth me of infamy: Nè intelligis, Domine, to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. Bome boon for boon *Prescian*; a little Scratch, 'twill serve.] This Play is certainly none of the best in it self, but the Editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas's* Stable to cleanse: and a Man had need have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbish. But to Business; Why should *Infamy* be explain'd by making *frantick, lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant should coin an uncouth affected Word here, *insanie* from *insania* of the *Latines*. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have these learned Criticks given us for *Latine*? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restor'd the Passage to its true Purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

The Curate, addressing with Complaisance his brother Pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *TERENCE* find *bone Vir*; but the Pedant thinking, he had mistaken the Adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone? ——— *bone* for *benè*. *Priscian* a little scratch'd: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common Phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, apply'd to such as speak false *Latine*. *Arm.*

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cosf. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. (31)

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gegg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip

(31) *The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I:*

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

Moth. *The Sheep:—the other two concludes it out.*] Wonderful Sagacity again! All the Editions agree in this Reading; but is not the *last*, and the *fifth*, the same Vowel? Tho' my Correction restores but a poor Conundrum, yet if it restores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his

whip about your infamy (32) *circum circa*; a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Coff. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pidgeon egg of discretion. O, that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false latine, *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass — I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie — I beseech thee, apparel thy head, — and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too — but let that pass: — for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace

his lowest Conceits. By, O, U, *Moth* would mean --- Oh, You, --- i. e. You are the Sheep still, either way; no Matter, which of Us repeats them.

(32) *I will whip about your Infamy unum cita*;] Here again all the Editions give us Jargon instead of *Latine*. But *Moth* would certainly mean, *circum circa*: i. e. about and about: tho' it may be design'd, he should mistake the Terms.

(by

(by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass——the very all of all is——but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy —— that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. *Joshua*, your self; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now "thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies,——

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol.

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick.
I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* good man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. SWEET hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

Ros. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Ros.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff:

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look what you do; and do it still i' th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for past Cure is still past Care. (33)

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The numbers true; and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddesses on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews: (34)

(33) — *for past Care is still past Cure.*] The Transposition which I have made in the two Words, *Care* and *Cure*, is by the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Tbirlby*. The Reason speaks for itself.

(34) *Prin.* Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all Shrews.

As the *Princess* has behav'd with great Decency all along hitherto, there is no Reason to be assign'd why she should start all at once into this course Dialect. But I am persuaded, the Editors only have made her go out of Character. In short, *Rosaline* and *Catharine* are rallying one another without Reserve; and to *Catharine* this first Line certainly belong'd, and therefore I have ventur'd once more to put her in possession of it.

Prin.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumaine*?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for't.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with jests:
So Pedant-like would I o'erfway his state, (35)
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

(35) *So pertaunt like would I o'erfway his State.*] If the Editors are acquainted with this Word, and can account for the Meaning of it, their Industry has been more successful than mine, for I can no where trace it. *So pedant-like*, as I have ventur'd to replace in the Text, makes very good Sense, *i. e.* in such lordly, controlling, manner would I bear Myself over him, &c. What *Biron* says of a *Pedant*, towards the Conclusion of the 2d Act, countenances this Conjecture.

*A domineering Pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.*

Mar.

Mar. Folly in fools, bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote :
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's her
Grace ?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet* ?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm, wenches, arm ; Encounters mounted are
Against your peace ; love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpriz'd.

Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to faint *Cupid* ! what are they,
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ;
When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, address
The King and his companions ; warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by ;
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear :
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.
Action and accent did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out :
For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil ;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil. —
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.

Ano-

Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well :
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley, court and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his sev'ral mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be taskt ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be maskt :
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despight of suite, to see a lady's face.
 Hold, *Rosaline* ; th's favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his Dear :
 Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.
 And change your Favours too ; so shall your Loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs ;
 They do it but in mocking merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several councils they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot ;
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace :
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's
 heart,

And

And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own ;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;

And they, well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and at-
tendants, disguis'd like Moscovites ; Moth with
Musick, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata. (36)

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.

Out ———

Biron. True ; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —
With your sun-beamed eyes —

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithete ;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

(36) *Biron.* *Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.*] i. e. The
Taffata Masks they wore to conceal Themselves. All the Edi-
tors concur to give this Line to *Biron* ; but, surely, very ab-
surdly ; for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would
make such an Inference. *Boyet* is sneering at the Parade of
their Address, is in the secret of the Ladies' Stratagem, and
makes himself Sport at the Absurdity of their Proëm, in com-
plimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore
comes from him with the utmost Propriety.

Biron.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will

That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, That they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change ;

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then ; nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet ? no dance ? thus change I, like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? how come you thus estrang'd ?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice ; take hands ; — we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then !

Ros. Only to part friends ;

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then ; what buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought ; and so, adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with That.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys ; and if you grow so nice,

Methegline, wort, and malmsey ; — well run, dice :
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu ;

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret,

Prin.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter. ———

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady, ———

Mar. Say you so? fair lord:

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you;

As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your vizor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No. I'll not be your half;

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge, invincible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ref. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.——

King.

King. Farewel, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are these the Breed of wits so wondred at ?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ;
fat, fat,

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout !
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night ?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces ?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O ! they were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword :
No, *point*, quoth I ; my servant strait was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart :
And, trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear ? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :
Therefore, change Favours ; and, when they repair
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow ? how, blow ? speak to be under-
stood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud ;

Or angel-veiling clouds : are roses blown,
Dismaskt, their damask sweet Commixture shewn.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! what shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd ;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like *Muscovites*, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow Shows, and Prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E, *before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
in their own habits ; Boyet meeting them.*

K I N G.

F A I R Sir, God save you ! Where's the Princess ?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty, command me any service
to her ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas ;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please ;
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs :
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This

This Gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
 Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
 He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
 That kist away his hand in courtesie;
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
 A mean most mainly; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet.
 This is the flower, that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone. —
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
 That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part!

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
 Boyet, and attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert
 thou,

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
 Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
 The vertue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
 spoke:

For virtue's office never breaks mens' troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsully'd lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesie gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizor, that superfluous
Case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highness
sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look
you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for Perjury.

Can any face of brags hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in vizor to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.

Taffata-phrases, filken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,

Have blown me full of maggot-ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet *yeas*, and honest kerfie *noes*:

And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)

My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited, you are not free;

For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude Trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*
What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me
Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word !

King. What mean you, Madam ? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heav'n, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear,
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.

What ? will you have me ? or your pearl again ?

Biron.

Biron. Neither of either : I remit both twain.
 I see the trick on't ; here was a consent,
 (Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
 To dash it, like a *Christmas* comedy.
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some *Dick*,
 That smiles his cheek in jeers, and knows the trick (37)
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before ; which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she :
 Now to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn ; in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is. — And might not You [*To Boyet*.
 Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
 And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
 You put our Page out : go, you are allow'd ;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
 You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, Sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is vara fine ;
 For every one purfents three.

(37) *That smiles his Cheek in years.*] Thus the whole Set of Impressions : but I cannot for my Heart comprehend the Sense of this Phrase. I am persuaded, I have restor'd the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Boyet's* Character was That of a *fleerer*, *jeerer*, *mocker*, *carping* Blade.

Biron. And three times three is nine ?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction, Sir ; I hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, Sir ; I can assure you, Sir, we know what we know : I hope, three times thrice, Sir —

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount ; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies ?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy ; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us ; let them not approach. [*Exit Cost.*]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord ; and 'tis some policy

To have one Show worse than the King's and his Company.

King. I say, they shall not come:

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now ; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents ;

Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth ;

When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much exence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies: he presents *Heñtor* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey* the Great; the parish-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado's* page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*.

And if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am —

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am —

Boyet. With *Libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great; That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

L 5.

And

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, "thanks,—*Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great*.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the best *Worthy*.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;*

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good *Alexander*.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alifander*.

Biron. *Pompey* the Great,——

Cost. Your servant, and *Costard*.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander*.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alifander* the Conqueror. [*to Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax fitting on a close stool, will be given to *A-jax*; he will be then the ninth *Worthy*. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alifander*. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for
Alifander,

Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis a little o'er-parted:
but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind
in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.——

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth*]

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. A *Judas*!

Hol. Not *Iscaiot*, Sir;

Judas *I am*, ycleped *Machabeus*.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. The more shame for you, *Judas*.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsar*'s faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. *George*'s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in counte-
nance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.

An so adieu, sweet *Jude* ; nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude* ; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas* ; it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas ! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited !

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector* ?

King. I think, *Hector* was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty, Gave *Hector* a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty, Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilion* ;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cu'lambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long.

Long. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs
against *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten ;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd :

But I will forward with my device ;

Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector* ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard,

Arm. This *Hector* far surmounted Hannibal.

Cost. The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, she is gone ;
she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the
poor wench is cast away ; she's quick, the child brags
in her belly ready. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates ?
Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that
is quick by him ; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead
by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey* !

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey* !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey* !
Pompey the huge !

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd ; more *Ates*, more *Ates* ; stir
them on, stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly
than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man :
I'll slash ; I'll do't by the Sword : I pray you, let me
borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do't in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey* !

Moth.

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey*, hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.— I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over boldly we have borne our selves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;

And

An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue : (38)
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long Process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesie of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
From what it purpos'd : Since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief :
And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' oppos'd end of our intents ;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll,
To every varied object in his glance ;
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,

* (38) *An heavy heart bears not an humble Tongue.*] Thus all the Editions ; but surely, without either Sense or Truth. None are more *bumble* in Speech, than they who labour under any Oppression. The *Princess* is desiring, her Grief may apologize for her not expressing her Obligations at large ; and my Correction is conformable to that Sentiment. Besides, there is an *Antithesis* between *heavy* and *nimble* ; but between *heavy* and *bumble*, there is none.

Have

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
 Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:
 And even that falshood, in it self a sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
 Your Favours, the embassadors of love:
 And in our maiden council rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie;
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time:
 But more devout, than these are our respects,
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargain in;
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this —
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me;
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay, until the twelve celestial Signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this tryal, and last love;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come

Come challenge me ; challenge me, by these deserts ;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and 'till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest ;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. (39) [And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank.
You are attaint with fault and perjury ;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Cath. A wife ! — a beard, fair health and honesty ;
With threefold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

(39) *Biron.* [*And what to me, my Love ? and what to me ?*

Ros. *You must be purged too : your Sins are rank :*

You are attaint with Fault and Perjury.

Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,

A Twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary Beds of People sick.]

These six Verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expung'd ; and therefore I have put them between Crotchets : Not that they were an Interpolation, but as the Author's first Draught, which he afterwards rejected ; and executed the same Thought a little lower with much more Spirit and Elegance. *Shakespeare* is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his Actor-Editors ; who thinking *Rosalind's* Speech too long in the second Plan, had abridg'd it to the Lines above quoted : but, in publishing the Play, stupidly printed both the Original Speech of *Shakespeare*, and their own Abridgment of it.

Cath.

Cath. Not so, my lord, a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Maria. At the twelve month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won;)
You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,

And

And I will have you, and that fault withal :
But if they will not, throw away that spirit ;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month ? well ; befall, what will befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[to the King.

King. No, Madam ; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play ;

Jack hath not *Fill* ; these ladies' courtesie
Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me —

Prin. Was not that *Hector* ?

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I
am a Votary ; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd
Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two
learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and
the cuckow ? it should have follow'd in the end of our
Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach. —

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring : the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The

The S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckow then on every Tree
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow !*

*Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks :
 When turtles tread, and rocks and dawws ;
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
 The cuckow then on every tree
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow !*

*Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail ;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit ! to-whoo !*

*A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the Parson's saw ;
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;*

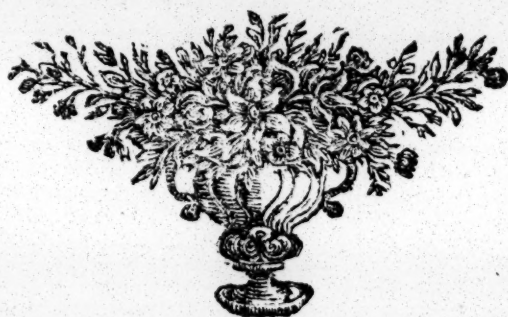
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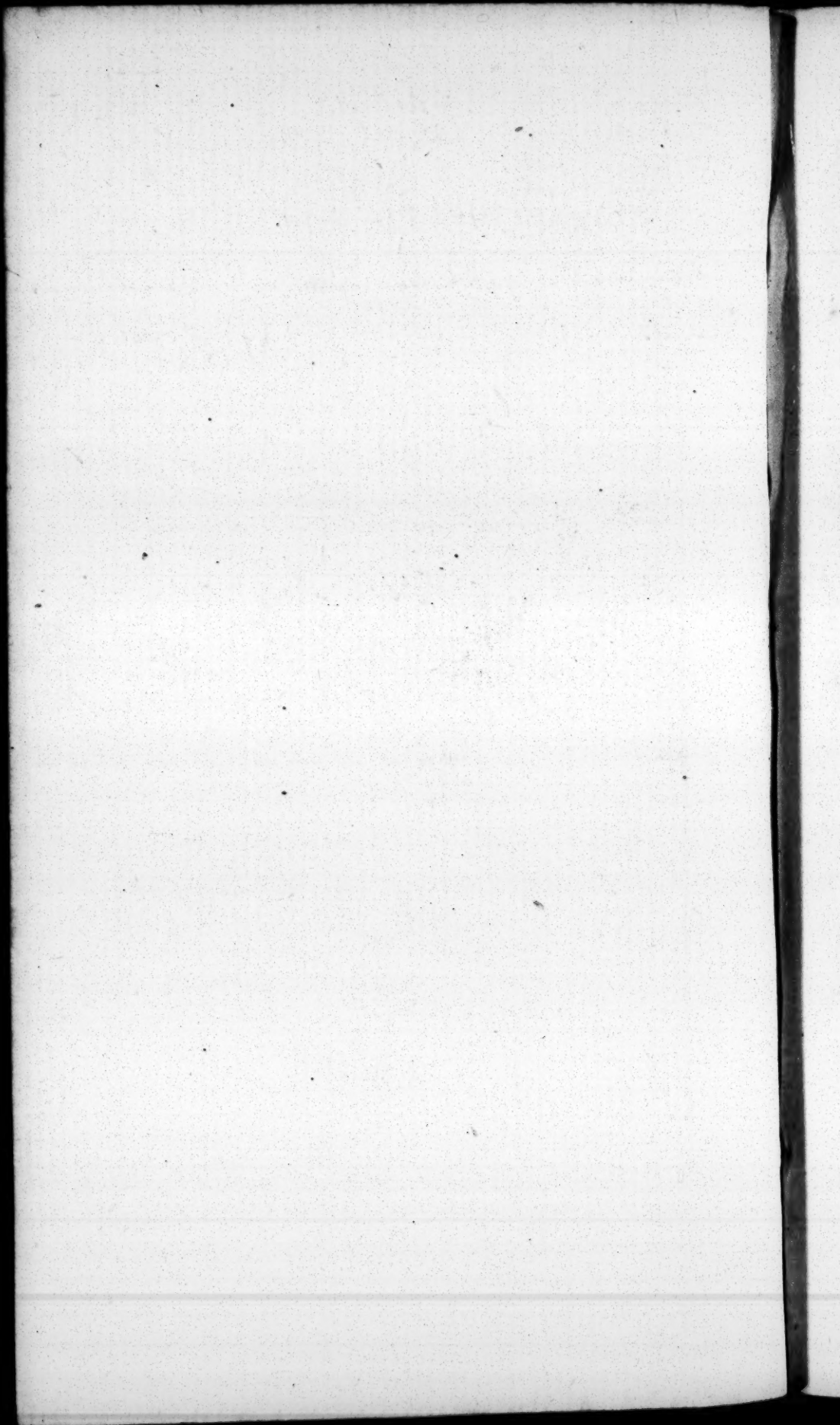
*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! to-who!*

*A merry note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo* :
You, that way ; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*







Il Gravelot in 8 del. Vol. 2. P. 263.

G. V. ^{dr} Gucht Scul.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.





Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to Oliver.*
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

Charles, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Touchstone, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Silvius, }

A clown, in love with Audrey.

William, *another clown, in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lyes, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Forest of Arden.





AS YOU LIKE IT.

A C T I.

SCENE, OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.



AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jacquess* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or (to speak more properly) stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me. He

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M

lets

lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me; the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you: albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir

Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in; — 'twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrestling is.

M 2

Enter

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Char. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him; whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Char. O, no; for the Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Char. They say, he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Char. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a Fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into;
in

in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cbar. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your Worship: [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so, long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banished thy uncle the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise Sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel.

Cel. 'Tis true : for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a Clown.

Cel. No ! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this argument ?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature ; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work, neither, but nature's ; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddeffes, hath sent this Natural for our whetstone ; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you ?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Clo. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ros. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now ; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by That that is not, you are not forsworn ; no more was this Knight swearing by his ho-

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nour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is That thou mean'st?

Clo. (1) One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great Show: here comes *Monfieur Le Beau*.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

(1) *Clo.* One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Ros. My father's Love is enough to honour him enough;] This Reply to the *Clown* is in all the Books plac'd to *Rosalind*; but *Frederick* was not her Father, but *Celia*'s: I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Celia*. There is no Countenance from any Passage in the Play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namesakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger *Frederick*; and, without some such Authority, it would make Confusion to suppose it.

Clo.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank, ———

Rof. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the fight of.

Rof. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three ſons, ———

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence; ———

Rof. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,* ———

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the Second, and ſo the Third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, *Monſieur*, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Rof. But (2) is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken muſick

(2) *Is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken Muſick in his Sides?*] This ſeems a ſtupid Error in the Copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their Ribs broke in Wreſtling: and the Pleaſantry of *Reſalind's* Repartee muſt conſiſt in the Alluſion She makes to *compoſing* in *Muſick*. It neceſſarily fol-

musick in his sides ? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking ? shall we see this wrestling, Cousin ?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling ; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming ; let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the Youth will not be entreated ; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young ; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Cousin ; are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man : in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so ; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler ?

Orla. No, fair Princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : you have seen cruel proofs of this man's strength. If you saw your self with your own eyes, or

lows therefore, that the Poet wrote — set this broken Musick in his Sides,

Ms. Warburton.
knew

knew your self with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your heart's desires be with you! ———

Char. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg!

[*they wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*shouts.*
Duke.]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace ; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles* ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man ?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else !
The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth ;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*]

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? — my better
parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neice;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And

And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother:
 But, heav'nly *Rosalind*! — [Exit.

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, Cousin; why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy;
 not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me
 with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cousins laid up; when the
 one should be lam'd with Reasons, and the other mad
 without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my Child's father. Oh, how
 full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee
 in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths,
 our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are
 in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him:

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than
 my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time;
 in despite of a Fall; — but turning these jests out of
 service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such
 a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old
 Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros.

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chase, I should hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
'Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my self I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it self:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your Highness took his Duke-
So was I, when your Highness banish'd him; [dom;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* Swans,
Still we went coupl'd, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
tuous,

When she is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool; you. Neice, provide your self;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*; where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? (3) *Rosalind* lacks then the love,
Which

(3) ——— *Rosalind lacks then the Love,*

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one]

Tho' this be the Reading of all the printed Copies, 'tis evi-
dent, the Poet wrote;

Which

Which teacheth Me that thou and I am one :
 Shall we be fundred ? shall we part, sweet Girl ?
 No, let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly ;
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out :
 For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my Uncle in the forest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
 The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better.
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man ?
 A gallant Curtie-ax upon my thigh,
 A bear-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish Cowards have,
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's own*
 Page ;

And therefore, look, you call me *Ganymed* ;
 But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
 No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Which teacheth Me ———

for if *Rosalind* had learn'd to think *Celia* one Part of her Self,
 She could not lack that love which *Celia* complains She does.
 My Emendation is confirm'd by what *Celia* says when She first
 comes upon the Stage.

Ros.

Ros. But, Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, Arden FOREST.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords
like Foresters.*

D U K E *senior.*

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*, (4)
The Seasons' difference; as, the icie phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no Flattery: these are Counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

(4) *Here feel we not the Penalty*] What was the Penalty of *Adam*, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the Difference of the Seasons. The *Duke* says, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the Penalty? Doubtless, the Text must be restor'd as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the Course of these Notes, how often *not* and *but* by Mistake have chang'd Place in our Author's former Editions.

Sweet

Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own Confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you :
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,

Left

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : ay, quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the Country, City, Court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing, that we
 Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contempla-
 tion ?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place ;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the PALACE again.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. CAN it be possible, that no man saw them ?
 It cannot be ; some villians of my Court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft
 Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing :
Hesperia, the Princess' Gentlewoman,
 Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
 Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the Wrestler,
 That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles* ;

And

And she believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him ; do this suddenly ;
And let not Search and Inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to OLIVER'S House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. WHO's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ? oh,
my gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke ?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orla. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—(no ; no brother ; yet the son,—
Yet not the son ; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it ; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off ;
I overheard him, and his practices :
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;

Abhor

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base, and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbathful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their service up
Even with the Having; it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll

We'll light upon some settled low Content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.

From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years Many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore, it is too late a week;

Yet fortune cannot recompence me better

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the FOREST of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in Boy's cloaths for Ganimed, Celia dress'd like a Shepherdess for Aliena, and Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits? (5)

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show it self courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no Cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*: look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

(5) O Jupiter! how merry are my Spirits? And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She says, She could find in her Heart to disgrace her Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the *Briskness of Spirits*: rather, a direct Proof of the contrary Disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurr'd in conjecturing it should be, as I have reform'd it in the Text:—how weary are my Spirits? And the Clown's Reply makes this Reading certain.

Enter

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As, sure, I think, did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou hast not lov'd. ———
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd. ———

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;
Thou hast not lov'd. ———

O *Phebe*! *Phebe*! *Phebe*!

[*Exit Sil.*]

Ros. Alas, poor Shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember
the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took
two cods, and giving her them again, said with weep-
ing tears, wear these for my sake. We, that are true
lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in
nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit, 'till
I break my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove*! *Jove*! this Shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; good Even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am Shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wrecks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coate now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see;
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

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Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold ;
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be ;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a desert Part of the*
F O R E S T .

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G .

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. I thank it ; more, I pr'ythee, more ; I can
suck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel sucks eggs :
more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged ; I know, I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing ; come, come, another stanza ; call you 'em
stanza's ?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me
nothing.——Will you sing ?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
you ; but That, they call Compliments, is like the en-
counter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me
heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he
renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you
that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami.

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Ami. Well, I'll end the song, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lye i' th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt, severally.]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for
N 2 for

for food ! here lie I down, and measure out my grave:
Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam* ! no greater heart in thee ? live a little ; comfort a little ; chear thyself a little. If this uncouth Forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee : thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end : I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly ; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Defart. Cheerly, good *Adam*.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A Table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :
Go seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool ; — I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I : No, Sir, quoth he,

Call

Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;
 And then he drew a dial from his poak,
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock :
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative :
 And I did laugh, fans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
 A worthy fool ! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool ! one that hath been a Courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have ;
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh : and why, Sir, must they so ?
 The why is plain, as way to parish church ;
 (6) He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth

(6) *He whom a Fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although be smart,*

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, the city-woman bears
 The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
 Thinking, that I mean him; but therein sutes
 His folly to the metal of my speech?
 There then; how then? what then? let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,

Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.] Besides that the
 third Verse is defective one whole Foot in Measure, the Tenour
 of what *Jacqués* continues to say, and the Reasoning of the Pas-
 sage, shew it no less defective in the Sense. There is no doubt,
 but the two little Monosyllables, which I have supply'd,
 were either by Accident wanting in the *Manuscript* Copy, or by
 Inadvertence were left out at *Press*.

Then

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more. ———

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not

Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And fate at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be blest'd for your good com-
fort! [Exit.]

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full

Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well fav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: set down your venerable bur-
then,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

S. O. N. G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho: sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:*

N 5

Tho'

*Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Lords and Oliver.

D U K E.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoever he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli.

Oli. Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of
doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. **H**Ang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of Night
survey,

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O *Rosalind*! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She. [*Exit.*]

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr. *Touchstone*?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very
well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile
life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth
me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is te-
dious. As it is a spare-life, look you, it fits my hu-
mour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes
much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee,
shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one
sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he, that
wants mony, means, and content, is without three
good

good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the Sun : that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ———

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg; all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court ? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation : thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone* : those, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands ; that courtesie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fells, you know, are greasie.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? shallow, shallow ; — a better instance, I say : come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again : — a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tarr ? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man ! thou worms-meat in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed ! learn of the
wife

wife and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other mens good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste. ———

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.*

If

*If the cat will after kind,
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They, that reap, must sheaf and bind;
 Then to Cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut bath sowrest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my Sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be,
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man;
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age;
 Some of violated vows,
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence end,*

*Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read, to know,
This Quintessence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd ;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty ;
Atalanta's better part ;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the Touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter* ! — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people ?

Cel. How now ? back-friends ! shepherd, go off a little : go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Cor. and Clown.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came : for look here, what I found on a palm-

palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping —

Ros. Odd's, my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? (6) One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

(6) *One Inch of Delay more is a South-sea of Discovery;*] A South-sea of Discovery: This is stark Nonsense; We must read — *off* Discovery, *i. e.* from Discovery. "If you delay me one Inch of Time longer, I shall think this Secret as far from Discovery as the *South-sea* is."

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forest; and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak: Sweet, say on.

Enter

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; flink by, and note him.

[Cel. and Ros. retire.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind*, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: (7) but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you set down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

(7) *But I answer you right painted cloth.*] This alludes to the Fashion, in old Tapestry Hangings, of Mottos and moral Sentences from the Mouths of the Figures work'd or painted in them. The Poet again hints at this Custom in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

*Who fears a Sentence, or an Old Man's Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in Awe.*

Orla.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue ; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you ; farewell, good Signior love ! [Exit.]

Orla. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good Monsieur melancholy ! [Cel. and Ros. come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him : do you hear, forester ?

Orla. Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock ?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the Forest ; else, fighting every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, Sir : time travels in divers paces, with divers persons ; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal ?

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd : if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because

cause he feels no pain : the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdes, my sifter ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place ?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many ; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtship too well ; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the Forest, that abuses our young Plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks ; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla.

Orla. I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for simply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; — then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish

moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my sutor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good Wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a sawce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so ——— poor men alone? ——— no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man there-

therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master *what ye call*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pidgeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry: farewell, good Sir *Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir

Sir Oliv. 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. **N**Ever talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's* : marry his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. (8) And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy Beard.

Cel. (9) He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana* ;
a nun

(8) *And his kissing is as full of Sanctity, as the Touch of holy Bread.*] Tho' this be the Reading of the oldest Copies, I have made no Scruple to substitute an Emendation of Mr. *Warburton*, which mightily adds to the Propriety of the Simile. What can the Poet be suppos'd to mean by *holy Bread* ? Not the *Sacramental*, sure ; that would have been Prophanation, upon a Subject of so much Levity. But *holy Beard* very beautifully alludes to the Kifs of a holy Saint, which the Ancients call'd the *Kifs of Charity*. And for *Rosalind* to say, that *Orlando* kiss'd as holily as a Saint, renders the Comparison very just.

(9) *He hath bought a pair of chaste Lips of Diana ; a Nun of Winter's Sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of Chastity is in them.*] This Pair of chaste Lips is a Corruption as old as the second Edition in *Folio* : I have restor'd with the first *Folio*, a Pair of cast Lips, i. e. a Pair left off by *Diana* — Again, what Idea does a Nun of *Winter's Sisterhood* give us ? Tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, it seems more probable to me that the Poet wrote ;

A Nun of Winifred's Sisterhood, &c.

a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is ; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings ; he attends here in the Forest on the Duke your Father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him : he askt me, of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*.

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes here ?

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired

Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination : but the Legend of *St. Winifred* is this. She was a Christian Virgin at *Holywell* a small Town in *Flintshire*, so tenacious of her Chastity, that when a tyrannous Governor laid Siege to her, he could not reduce her to Compliance, but was oblig'd to ravish, and afterwards beheaded her in Revenge of her Obstinacy, *Vid.* *Cambden's Britannia* by *Dr. Gibson*, p. 688. This Tradition sorts very well with our Poet's Allusion.

After

After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to another part of the Forest.*

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, do not scorn me; do not, *Phebe*;
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accusom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: (10) will you sterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

(10) — will you sterner be,

Than He that dies and lives by bloody drops?

This is spoken of the Executioner. He *lives* indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *dye* by bloody Drops? The Poet must certainly have wrote—that deals and lives, &c. i. e. that gets his Bread, and makes a Trade of cutting off Heads.

Mr. Warburton.

316 A S Y O U L I K E I T .

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers ! —
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
Now counterfeit (to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee ;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy Palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? who might be your
mother,
That you insult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched ? (11) what though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
Why, what means this ? why do you look on me ?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work : odds, my little life !

(11) ——— *What though you have no Beauty,*] Tho' all the
printed Copies agree in this Reading, it is very accurately ob-
serv'd to me by an ingenious unknown Correspondent, who
signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my
Acknowledgments) that the *Negative* ought to be left out.
I think

I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too :
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain ?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children ;
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her ;
 And out of you she sees her self more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know your self; down on your knees,
 And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love ;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer ;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer :
 So take her to thee, shepherd ; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she an-
 swers thee, with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bit-
 ter words. Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me ;
 For I am falser than vows made in wine ;
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by :
 Will you go, Sister ? shepherd, ply her hard :
 Come, Sister ; shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud ; 'tho' all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might ;
 Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* !

Phe. Hah : what say'st thou, *Silvius* ?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your Sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were Covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth, that spoke to me ere-
while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear :
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty ;
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him ;
He'll make a proper man ; the best thing in him
Is his Complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make Offence, his eye did heal it up :
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall ;
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well ;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lusty red

Than

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black :
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me ;
I marvel, why I answer'd not again ;
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, *Silvius* ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE *continues in the FOREST.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

J A Q U E S.

I Pry'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

O 4

Jaq.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*!

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller; look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think, you have swam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress: or I should think my honestly ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say, you are; because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was, — *Hero of Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, — Will you, *Orlando* —

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever : no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed : maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives ; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey ; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain ; and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this ; the wiser, the waywarder : make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt ?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say, she came to seek you there : you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit Orla.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Excunt.*
Enter

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Roman Conqueror*; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home: — take Thou no Scorn (12)

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn: } The rest shall bear
It was a crest, ere thou wast born. } this Burthen.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock?
 I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

(12) *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this Burthen.*
 This is no admirable Instance of the Sagacity of our preceding Editors, to say Nothing worse. One should expect, when they were *Poets*, they would at least have taken care of the *Rhymes*, and not foisted in what has Nothing to answer it. Now, where is the Rhyme to, *the rest shall bear this Burthen*? Or, to ask another Question, where is the Sense of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be sung home, and the Rest shall bear the Deer on their Backs? This is laying a Burthen on the Poet, that We must help him to throw off. In short, the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into the Text: the Song being design'd to be sung by a single voice, and the Stanzas to close with a Burthen to be sung by the whole Company.

Cd.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep : look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this :
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour ; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix : 'odds my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me ? well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a hufwife's hand, but that's no matter ;
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to Christian ; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention ;
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance ; will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe's* cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe's* me ; mark, how the tyrant writes.

[Reads]

[Rea
That
Can
St

[Reads.] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?*

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?*

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me, a beast!

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity: wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her: "that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit *Sil.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where,

Where, in the purlaws of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years: "the boy is fair,
"Of female favour, and bestows himself
"Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low,
"And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house, I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high-top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place;
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There strip'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*.——
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

And,

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, Sweet *Ganimed*?

[*Ros.* faints.]

Oli. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—cousin *Ganimed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. Would, I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack
 a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would
 think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your
 brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great
 testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of
 earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
 be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a wo-
 man by right.

Cel. Come you look paler and paler; pray you,
 draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
 How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you com-
 mend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*]





ACT V.

SCENE, *the FOREST.*

Enter Clown and Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*; a most vile *Mar-text*! but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in Me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Goed ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will.

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a Saying; *the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the society, which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.
[Exeunt.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should

should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your Good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thraasonical brag of *I came, saw and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very
wrath

wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then to morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inasmuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician: therefore, put you on your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of faith and service;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of Passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To *Ros*.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To *Phe*.

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to
love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howl-
ing of *Irish* wolves against the moon; I will help you
if I can; I would love you, if I could: to morrow
meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I
marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow; [To
Phe.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy'd man, and
you

you shall be married to morrow; [*To Orl.*] I will content you, if, what pleases you, contents you; and you shall be married to morrow. [*To Sil.*] As you love *Rosalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So far you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Pbe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, fit, ft, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, fit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn field did pass

In the spring time; the pretty spring time;

When birds do sing, hey ding a-ding, ding,

Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;

For love is crowned with the prime,

In the spring time, &c.

Be-

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
These pretty country folks would lye,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable. (13)

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Cla. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another Part of the Forest.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando,
Oliver, and Celia.*

Duke Sen. **D**OST thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:

(13) Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very untuneable.] Tho' it is thus in all the printed Copies, it is evident from the sequel of the Dialogue, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd in the Text, untuneable. — Time, and Tune, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old Editions of *Shakespeare*.

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[To Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

[To Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [Exe. *Ros.* and *Celia*.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the Ark. Here come a pair of
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd
fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a Courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylor's; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? — good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like: I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Rétort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd

the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so, the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lye circumstantial*; nor he durst not give me the *Lye direct*, and so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the *Lye*?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. (14) I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

(14) O, Sir, we quarrel in Print; by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners.] The Poet throughout this Scene has with great Humour and Address rallied the Mode, so prevailing in his Time, of formal *Duelling*. Nor could he treat it with a happier Contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in all its Forms and Preliminaries. It was in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, that pushing with the Rapier, or small Sword, was first practis'd in *England*. And the boisterous Gallants fell into the Fashion with so much Zeal, that they did not content themselves with practising at Sword in the Schools; but they studied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Process of giving and receiving Challenges, from *Lewis de Caranza's* Treatise of Fencing, *Vincentio Sarsio-la's* Practice of the Rapier and Dagger, and *Giacomo Di Grassi's* Art of Defence; with many other Instructions upon the several Branches of the Science,

Duke Sen.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 341

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

S T I L L M U S I C K.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself; for I am yours.

To you I give myself; for I am yours. [To the Duke.
[To Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind.

Ph. If fight and shape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor e'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion.

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.
You and you no Cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning :
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's Crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured :
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town !*

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no less degree.

Pbe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two :
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world ;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding ;
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That

That here were well begun, and well begot :
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry :

Play, musick ; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;

You to your land, and love, and great allies ;

You to a long and well deserved bed ;
And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd : so to your pleasures :
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jagues*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these
rites ;

As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epi-
logue ; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord
the Prologue. If it be true ; that *good wine needs no
bush*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet
to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good Plays

prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your fimping, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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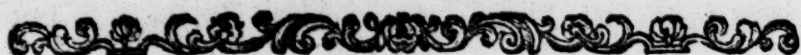
H. Gravelot in & del Vol. 2 P. 345.

G. V. Gucht. Scul.



THE
T A M I N G
OF THE
S H R E W.





Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending
on the Lord.

Dramatis Personæ.

Baptista, Father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.

Gremio, } Pretenders to Bianca.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Catharina, the Shrew.

Bianca, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers; with Servants attending on
Baptista, and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.



THE



T H E
TAMING *of the* SHREW.

I N D U C T I O N :

S C E N E, *before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y.



LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris*; (1) let the world slide:

Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by, *Jeronimo* — go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. (2)

Host.

(1) *paucus pallabris.*] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purposely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.

(2) *Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to swear by.

But

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Hof. I know my remedy : I must go fetch the Third-borough. (3)

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law ; I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

But the Poet had no such Intentions. The Passage has particular Humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of Stage-history, to make it understood. There is a suttian old Play, call'd *Hieronymo* ; Or, *The Spanish Tragedy* : which, I find, was the common But of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakespeare's* Time ; and a Passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humourously alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the King for Justice ; but the Courtiers, who did not desire his Wrongs should be set in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. Justice, ob ! justice to Hieronymo.

Lor. Back ;—see'st thou not, the King is busie ?

Hiero. Ob, is he so ?

King. Who is He, that interrupts our Business ?

Hier. Not I :—Hieronymo, beware ; go by, go by.

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hofess*, cries to her in Effect, “ Don't be troublesom, don't interrupt me, go by” ; and, to fix the Satire in his Allusion, pleasantly calls her *Jeronymo*.

(3) ——— I must go fetch the Headborough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, &c.] This corrupt Reading had pass'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to guess at the Poet's Conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his *Hofess* ? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough* : The Author intended but a poor Witticism, and even That is lost. The *Hofess* would say, that she'll fetch a *Constable* : and this Officer she calls by his other Name, a *Thbird-borough* : and upon this Term *Sly* founds the Conundrum in his Answer to her. Who does not perceive, at a single glance, some Conceit started by this certain Correction ? There is an Attempt to Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. *Thbird-Borough* is a Saxon-term sufficiently explain'd by the *Glossaries* : and in our *Statute books*, no farther back than the 28th Year of *Henry VIIIth*, we find it used to signify a *Constable*.

Wind

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds ;

(*Brach, Merriman ! the poor cur is imboist ;*)
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the meereft loss,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? fee, doth
he breathe ?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy image !

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths ; rings put upon his fingers ;

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes ;

Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him, when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Pro-

350 *The Taming of the SHREW.*

Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command ?
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of Rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer ; a third a diaper ;
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands ?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his Lady mourns at his disease ;
Perfwade him, that he hath been lunatick.
And when he says he is, ——— say, that he dreams ;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord :
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs :
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his Office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*]
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your Honour, Players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

2 *Play.* So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means. (4)

Lord. 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent :

Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night ;
But I am doubtful of your modesties.

Left, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play,)

You break into some merry Passion,
And so offend him : for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain our selves ;
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

2 *Play.* [to the other.] Go get a Dishclout to make
clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[Exit Player.

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a pro-
perty, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one :
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And see him drest in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

(4) *I think, 'twas Soto.*] I take our Author here to be pay-
ing a Compliment to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Women pleas'd*, in
which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Far-
mer's Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. *Mr. Rowe* and
Mr. Pope prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here spoken ; but
the first folio has it *Sinckle* ; which, no doubt, was the Name
of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd
the Part of *Soto* with Applause,

And

And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplish'd ;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie ;
 And say ; what is't your Honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May shew her duty, and make known her love ?
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself (5)
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
 And if the boy hath not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An Onion will do well for such a shift ;
 Which in a Napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
 See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Ex. Servant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant ;
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen ;
 Which otherwise will go into extreams. [Exit Lord.

(5) *Who for these seven years hath esteem'd himself
 No better than a poor and loathsome Beggar.]*

I have ventur'd to alter a Word here, against the Authority of
 the printed Copies ; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two
 subsequent Passages. That the Poet design'd, the Tinker's
 suppos'd Lunacy should be of 14 years standing at least, is evi-
 dent upon two parallel Passages in the Play to that Purpose.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. FOR God's fake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these Conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me Conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes; or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Honour!

Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit! —

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* Son of *Burton-beath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession, a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not; if she say, I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: here's —

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord.

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Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee ;

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick ? hark, *Apollo* plays ; [*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestow the ground :

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks, will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags ; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And *Citherea* all in sedges hid ;

Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,

Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weep :

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our fight,
And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the Leet,
Because she bought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no house; nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. ———

Sly. By th' Mass, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man.

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Man. Sim, an't please your Honour.

Sly. Sim ? that's as much as to say, *Simeon* or *Simon* ; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The servant gives him drink.*]

Enter Lady, with Attendants.

I thank thee ;——thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife ?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband ? My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my Lord and husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well : what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone :—Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two : Or, if not so, until the sun be set ; For your Physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed ; I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long ; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again : I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant Comedy ;
For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood ;
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment ;
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play ; is it not a Commodity ? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.





The TAMING *of* *the* SHREW.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *a Street in* PADUA.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.



Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*, (6)
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am
arm'd

With his good-will, and thy good company :
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being ; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world :
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his son, brought up in *Florence*,

(6) *I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,*] Tho' all the Impressions concur in this, I take it to be a Blunder of the Editors, and not of the Author. *Padua* is not in *Lombardy* ; but *Pisa*, from which *Lucentio* comes, is really in those Territories.
It

It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as your self:
Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or, so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Musick and Poetrie use to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista with Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;

If

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If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. — She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates
for you;

Unless you were of gentler, milder, mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. } *aside.*

Peace, *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill. }

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat! it is best put finger in the eye;
an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.
[*aside.*]

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd :
Go in, *Bianca*.——— [Exit *Bianca*.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry;
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither : for to cunning men
I will be very kind ; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up ;
And so farewell : *Catharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not ?
what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I
knew not what to take, and what to leave ? ha !

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam : your gifts are
so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not
so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails toge-
ther, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both
sides. Farewel ; yet for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her That wherein she delights, I will wish him to
her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio* : but a word, I pray ;
tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we
may yet again have access to our fair Mistress, and be
happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one
thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband ! a devil.———

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho'
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be
married to hell ?

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Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition to be whipp'd at the high-crofs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples: but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed; and I would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found th' effect of Love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,

If I atchieve not this young modest girl:

Counsel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canst;

Assist me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimò.

Luc.

Luc. Gramercy, lad ; go forward, this contents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet Beauty in her face ;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her
sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. —

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance :
I pray, awake, Sir ; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it stands :
Her eldest Sister is so curst and shrewd,
That 'till the Father rids his hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a Maid at home :
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he !
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters t' instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

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Luc. *Basta* ; — content thee ; for I have it full,
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master : then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead ;
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio*, at once
Uncase thee : take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your Father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense ;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so ; because *Lucentio* loves ;
And let me be a slave t' atchieve that Maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? nay, how now, where
are you ? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your
cloaths, or you stoll'n his, or both ? pray, what's the
news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jest ;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his :
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am descry'd :
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ;
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me ?

Bion.

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit. ———

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next with
after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptista's* youngest
Daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your ma-
ster's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all
kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am
Tranio; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy
self execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou
ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and
weighty. [Exeunt.

SCENE, before *Hortensio's House*, in *Padua*.

Enter *Petruchio*, and *Grumio*.

Pet. **V**Erona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow, this is the house;
Here, sirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I,
Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrellsome: I should
knock you first,
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.

Gru. Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*! how do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il Core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra Casa ben-venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good *Hortensio*,
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, sweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home;
Where small experience grows, but in a few.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

And

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as us,
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick Seas*,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old Trot with never
a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as
two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so
mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are slept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jest.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst;
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's ef-
fect;
Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

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Hor. Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman ;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased Father well.
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing ; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista's* house my Treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest Daughter, beautiful *Bianca* ;
(7) And her withholds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
'That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd ;
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
'That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curst have got a husband.

Gru. *Catharine* the curst ?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst !

(7) *And her withholds he from me. Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love: &c.*] The Editors, in this Carelessness of their Pointing, have made stark Nonsense of this Passage. The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

Hor.

Hor. Now shall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old *Baptista* as a school-master,
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca* ;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her ;
And, unsuspected, court her by her self.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery ! see, to beguile the old folks
how the young folks lay their heads together. Master,
look about you : who goes there ? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.—

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love ; see That, at any hand ;
And see, you read no other lectures to her :
You understand me——Over and beside.
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well persum'd ;
For she is sweeter than perfume it self,
To whom they go : what will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you.
As for my Patron, stand you so assured ;
As firmly, as your self were still in place ;
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is !

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is ! —

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum ! God save you, *Signior Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, *Signior Hortensio*. Trow
you, whither I am going ? to *Baptista Minola* ; I promis'd
to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair
Bianca ; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this
young man ; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn,
well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

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Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love,
Listen to me; and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curst *Catharine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well;——

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling Scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush,

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. ———

Gre. Hortensio, hark :

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors ;
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the
house of Signior *Baptista Minola* ?

Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters ? is't he
you mean ?

Tra. Even he; *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to ———

Tra. Perhaps, him and her ; what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know :

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters ; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right ; hear me with patience,

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknown ;

And, were his Daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda's* Daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then

'Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* Daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest Sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. (S) Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please

(S) Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,

Please you, we may contrive this Afternoon,]

What were they to contrive? Or how is it any Testimony of
Tranio's consenting to be liberal, that he will join in contriving
with them? In short, a foolish Corruption possesses the Place,
that quite strips the Poet of his intended Humour. *Tranio* is
but a suppos'd Gentleman: His Habit is all the Gentility he
has about him; and the Poet, I am persuaded, meant that
the

Please ye, we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our Mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed; and be it so.

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

1 Man. My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.

Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, surely!
comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady.
'Would 'twere done! ———



A C T II.

S C E N E, Baptista's House in Padua.

Enter Catharina and Bianca.

B I A N C A.

GOOD Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-
self,

To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; (9) but for these other Gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;

the *Servicingman's* Qualities should break out upon him; and that his Mind should rather run on good *Cheer* than *Contrivances*. The Word is regularly deriv'd from *Convivium* and *convivor* of the *Latines*.

(9) ——— But for these other Goods,] This is so trifling and unexpressive a Word, that, I am satisfied our Author wrote, *Gawds*, (i. e. Toys, trifling Ornaments;) a Term that he frequently uses and seems fond of.

Yea,

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Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, Sister, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me?
Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

Cath. If That be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*

Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

Enter

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Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man ;

*Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician ; Tranio
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio* : God save you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir ; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt ; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hor.*

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good
fake.

But for my daughter *Catbarine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name ; *Antonio's* son,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his
fake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that
are

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are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!* — you are marvellous forward. (10)

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*; I would fain be doing. (11)

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. — Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other Languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this City here,

(10) *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.] But not so forward, as our Editors are indolent and acquiescing. This is a stupid Corruption of the Press, that None of them have divid into. We must read, *Baccalare*, as Mr. Warburton acutely observ'd to me; by which the *Italians* mean, Thou arrogant, presumptuous Man! The Word is used scornfully, upon any One that would assume a Port of Grandeur and high Repute.

(11) *Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.*

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing Neighbours. This is a Gift;] It would be very unreasonable, after such a number of Instances, to suspect, the Editors ever dwelt on the meaning of any Passage: But why should *Petruchio* curse his wooing Neighbours? They were none of them his Rivals: Nor, tho' he should curse his own Match afterwards, did he commence his Courtship on their Accounts. In short, *Gremio* is design'd to answer to *Petruchio* in doggerel Rhyme, to this purpose. — “Yes; I know, you would fain be doing; but “you'll cope with such a Devil, that You'll have Reason to “curse your Wooing.” — and then immediately turns his Discourse to *Baptista*, whom he calls *Neighbour*, (as he had done before at the Beginning of this Scene,) and makes his Present to him.

Do

Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous :
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request ;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name ? of whence I pray ?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa* ; by Report
I know him well ; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and you the Set of books,

[*To Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within ! ———

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters ; and then tell them Both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[*Exit Ser. with Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so, I pray you all, to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd ;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her

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Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever ;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing : for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woove not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woove, and happy be thy
speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds :
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so
pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
sician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a foldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them ? quoth she ; I'll fume with them :
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my Pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
While she did call me rascal, fidler,

And

And twangling *Jack*, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit. Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*]

And wooe her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married?
But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing.

They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain
Kate;

And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*;
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet

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Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs :

My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd ? in good time ; let him that mov'd you
hither,

Remove you hence ; I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Cath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you ; if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee ;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should *bee* ; —— should *buz*. ——

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, flow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take
thee ?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too
angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his
sting ?

In his tail. ——

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails ; and so farewell

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come
again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try.

[*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

Pet.

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Pet. A herald, *Kate*? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you must not look so fower.

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so fower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then, shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one. —

Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesom, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers,
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh slanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful! —

Cath.

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Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, so I mean, sweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other household *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,

That

That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark : *Petruchio* ! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night, our part !

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self ;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me ; oh, the kindest *Kate* ! —

She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ; 'tis a world to see,

How tame (when men and women are alone)

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day ;

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests ;

I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands ;
God send you joy, *Petruchio* ! 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We will have rings and things, and fine array ;

And kifs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio, and Catharine severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch :
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter ;
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra.

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Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this
strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love. —————

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
My self am struck in years, I must confess,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If, whilst I live, she would be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in——Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre.

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land ! (12)
My land amounts but to so much in all :
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie* ?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses
And twelve tight gallies ; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all ; I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have ;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise ; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd :
On Sunday next, you know,

(12) Gre. *Two thousand Ducats by the year of Land !*

My Land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall have, and—————]

Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, surely, if We examine the Reasoning, something will be found wrong. *Gremio* is startled at the high Settlement *Tranio* proposes ; says, his whole Estate in Land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a Year upon her, &c. This is Mock-reasoning, or I don't know what to call it. The Change of the *negative* in the 2d Line, which Mr. Warburton prescrib'd, salves the Absurdity, and sets the Passage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their Offers to carry *Bianca* : The latter boldly proposes to settle Land to the Amount of 2000 Ducats *per Annum*. Ay, says the Other ; My whole Estate in Land amounts *but* to that Value : yet she shall have *That* : I'll endow her with the *Whole* ; and consign a rich Vessel to her Use, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his Rival.

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My daughter *Catharine* is to be married :
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior *Gremio* :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not :
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all ; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table : tut ! a toy !

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten :
'Tis in my head to do my master good :
I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd *Vincentio* ;
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.

— [The Presenters, above, speak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again ?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here — where's the tap-
ster ? here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*



ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E, Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

L U C E N T I O.

Fidler, forbear ; you grow too forward, Sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. [She is a Shrew, but,] Wrangling Pedant, this
is (13)

The patroness of heavenly harmony ;
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd :
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for That which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;

(13) ——— *Wrangling Pedant, this*

The Patroness of heavenly Harmony.]

There can be no Reason, why *Hortensio* should begin with an Hemistich ; the Words, which I have added to fill the Verse, being purely by Conjecture, and supply'd by the Sense that seems requir'd, without any Traces of a corrupted Reading left, to authorize or found them upon ; I have for that Reason inclosed them within Crotchets, to be embraced or rejected, at every Reader's pleasure,

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I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloone.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see, if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life that knave doth court my love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. (14)

Luc. Mistrust it not,—for, sure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

(14) *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven Verses, that follow, have in all the Editions been stupidly shuffled and misplac'd to wrong Speakers; so that every Word said was glaringly out of Character.

Bian.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [reading.] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all
accord,

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
Cfaut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
Elami, shew pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice (15)
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And

(15) *Old fashions please me best: I'm not so nice
To change true Rules for new Inventions.]*

This is Sense and the Meaning of the Passage; but the Reading of the Second Verse, for all that, is sophisticated. The genuine Copies all concur in Reading,
To change true Rules for old Inventions.

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And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.
[Exit.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love :
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every Stale ;
Seize thee, who list ; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio,
Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married ;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours ?

Cath. No shame, but mine ; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spleen ;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes ;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo ! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,

This, indeed, is contrary to the very Thing it should express : But the easy Alteration, which I have made, restores the Sense, and adds a Contrast in the Terms perfectly just. True Rules are oppos'd to odd Inventions ; i. e. Whimsies.

If

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too ;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well ;

What ever fortune stays him from his word.

Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise :

Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho' !

[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
For such an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master ; old news, and such news as
you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's*
coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news ?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and
an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd ; a
pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,
another lac'd ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with
two broken points ; his horse hip'd with an old mothy
saddle, the stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possess'd with
the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled
with the lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of
windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows,
past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers,
begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-
shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't bit,
and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd,

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to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots ; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes ?

Bion. Who ? that *Petruchio* came not ?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir ; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants ? who is at home ?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd, as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate* ? where is my lovely bride ?
How does my Father ? Gentles, methinks, you frown :
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap.

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Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding day :
First, were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate* ? I stay too long from her ;
The morning wears ; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I ; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with
words ;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my Bride ;
And seal the title with a lovely kiss ?

[*Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking ; which, to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn ;))
And he shall be *Vincentia* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater sums than I have promised :

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to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

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How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

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First, were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
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Her Father's liking ; which, to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn ;)
And he shall be *Vincentia* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater sums than I have promised ;

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So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school-master
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should ask, if *Catharine* should be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his Mates
After a storm; quaff off the muscadel,

And

And threw the fops all in the sexton's face ;
 Having no other cause, but that his beard
 Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
 His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took
 The Bride about the neck, and kist her lips
 With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
 All the church echo'd ; and I seeing this,
 Came thence for very shame ; and after me,
 I know, the rout is coming : Such a mad marriage
 Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.

[Musick plays.]

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio,
 and Baptista.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence ;
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to night ?

Pet. I must away to day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would intreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest Company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away my self
 To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife,
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Cra. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content ———

Cath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat me, stay ;
 But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay,

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Grumio.

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Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Cath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra.

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Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your Sister?

Bian. That, being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you supply the Bridegroom's place;

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Lucentio*: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Petruchio's Country House.*

Enter Grumio.

G R U M I O.

F I E, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters,
and a'! foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was
ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I
am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming
after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and
soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my
tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my bel-
ly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with
blowing the fire shall warm my self; for considering the
weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho,
Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st
side

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slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a Shrew, as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, my horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Fills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru.

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Strikes him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin; *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. — But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Jeseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarlop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru.

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Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home. *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What, *Grumio*!

Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whorson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel,
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;

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The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?

[*Singing.*

Where are those ——— fit down, Kate,
And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.

[*Sings.*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, *Kate*: some water, here; what ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus*? firrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[*Throwing the meat, &c. about the Stage.*
You

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You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves !
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,

Since, of our selves, our selves are cholerick,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh :

Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exit.]

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. [Exit.]

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's Call :

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not :

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed.

And

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And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets ;
Ay ; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ; —
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

S C E N E, *before Baptista's House.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

T R A N I O.

IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* (16)
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell

(16) *Is't possible, friend Licio, &c.]* This Scene, Mr. Pope, upon what Authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his Editions made the *First* of the *Fifth* Act : In doing which, he has shewn the very Power and Force of Criticism. The Consequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Absurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the Scenes out of their true Position, we find *Hortensio*, in the fourth Act, already gone from *Baptista's* to *Petruchio's* Country-house ; and afterwards in the Beginning of the Fifth Act we find him first forming the Resolution of quitting *Bianca* ; and *Tranio* immediately informs Us, he is gone to the *Taming-School* to *Petruchio*. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὁμοειπία: But this is an Abuse of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's Authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dress himself like *Vincenzio*, whom he was to personate : but his Second Entrance is upon the very heels of his Exit ; and without any Interval of

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I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand by.*]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read That I profess, the art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart. [*They retire backward.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray,
you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd none
in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But One that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of such a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! ——— Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,

of an *AB*, or one Word intervening, he comes out again
equipp'd like *Vincentio*. If such a Critick be fit to publish a
Stage-Writer, I shall not envy Mr. *Pope's* Admirers, if they
should think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the
Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the Old Books.
That

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed case:

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both forsworn
me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the Taming-school.

Bian. The Taming-school? what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master;
That teaches tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,

That

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied (17)
An ancient Engle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel; (18)
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give him assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bianca*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

(17) ————— but at last I spied
An ancient Angel going down the Hill,
Will serve the turn.]

Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I am confident, that *Shakespeare* intended no Profanation here; nor indeed any Compliment to this old Man who was to be impos'd upon, and made a Property of. The Word I have restor'd, certainly retrieves the Author's Meaning: and means, either in its first Signification, a Burdash; (for the Word is of *Spanish* Extraction, *Ingle*, which is equivalent to *inguen* of the *Latines*;) or, in its metaphorical Sense, a Gull, a Cully, one fit to be made a Tool of.

(18) ————— but formal in Apparel;
In Gate and Countenance surely like a Father.]

I have made bold to read, *surly*; and surely, I believe, I am right in doing so. Our Poet always represents his Pedants, imperious and magisterial. Besides, *Tranio's* Directions to the Pedant for his Behaviour vouch for my Emendation.

'Tis well; and bold your own in any Case,
With such Austerity as longeth to a Father.

Ped.

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome* ;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tre. Of *Mantua*, Sir ? God forbid !
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life ?

Ped. My life, Sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua* ; know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir ; it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you ;
First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa* ?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio* ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir ; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Biron. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [Aside.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio* :
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd :
Look, that you take upon You as you should.
You understand me, Sir : so shall you stay,
'Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped.

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Ped. Oh, Sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good :
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here :
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Exeunt Catharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;
And that, which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love :
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death :
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Cath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat :

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

Cath. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ;—I fear, it's cholerick :

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Cath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or

Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate* ? what, Sweeting, all
amort ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me ;
Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :
I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word ? nay then, thou lov'st it not :
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away the dish.

Cath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame :
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me ; —

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart ;

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things :

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.

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S

What,

What, hast thou din'd ? the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish ; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy :

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time ;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe ;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap.
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a filken pie ;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay ; come, taylor, let us
see't.

O mercy, heaven, what masking stuff is here ?
What ? this a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon ;
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why,

Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tay. She says, your Worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. O most monstrous arrogance!
Thou lyest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave
not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I say unto
thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not
bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

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Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!

Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. *Hortensio*, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away,

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Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tay.*]

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments :

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Oh, no, good *Kate* ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolick ; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two ;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it ; Sirs, let't alone,

I will not go to day, and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so : this Gallant will command the Sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.*]

[*The Presenters, above, speak here.*]

Lord. *Who's within there ?*

[*Sly sleeps.*]

Enter Servants.

Asleep again ! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see, you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my Lord ; come help to bear him hence.

[*They bear off Sly.*]

S C E N E, *before Baptista's House.**Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*

T R A N I O.

S I R, this is the house ; please it you, that I call ?
Ped. Ay, what else ! and (but I be deceived,)Signior *Baptista* may remember meNear twenty years ago in *Genoa*,Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*. (19)*Tra.* 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such austerity as longeth to a father.*Enter Biondello.**Ped.* I warrant you : but, Sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good, he were school'd.*Tra.* Fear you not him ; firrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista* ?*Bion.* I told him, that your father was in *Venice* ;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.*Tra.* Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink ;
Here comes *Baptista* ; set your countenance, Sir.*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.**Tra.* Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met ;
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of ;

(19) *Tra.* *Where we were Lodgers at the Pegasus.*] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety speak this, either in his assum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa* : and *Tranio* must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate *Lucentio*. I have ventur'd to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before saying.

I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son. Sir, by your leave, having come to
Padua

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him ; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd ; and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed :
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
best,

Be we affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ;

Bap. Not in my house, *Lucentio* ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ;
Besides, old *Gremio* is hearkning still ;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lye ; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,

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My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight :
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart !

[*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello* ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; But h'as left me here behind
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and
tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then ?

Bion. The old Priest at *St. Luke's* Church is at your
command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell ; expect, they are busied about a
counterfeit assurance ; take you assurance of her, *Cum*
privilegio ad imprimendum solum ; to th' Church take
the Priest, Clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.]

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.]

S C E N E, a green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. COME on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know, it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be Moon or Star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house: Go on, and fetch our horses back again. Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say, as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward, I pray, since we are come so far, And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please: And if you please to call it a rush candle, Henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon.

Cath. I know, it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed Sun. But Sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the Moon changes, even as your mind.

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What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should
run ;

And not unluckily against the bias :
But soft, some company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away ?

[*To Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face ?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee :
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy aboad ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad ?
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken eyes ;
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father :
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest ; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you, my merry Mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
My

My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*]

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*]





A C T V.

S C E N E, *before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
walking on one side.*

B I O N D E L L O.

Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, (20) and then come back to my Master as soon as I can.

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio,
with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house, My Father's bears more towards the Market place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here;

And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

(20) *And then come back to my Mistress as soon as I can.]*
The Editions all agree in this reading; but what Mistress was *Biondello* to come back to? He must certainly mean; "Nay, faith, Sir, I must see you in the Church; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on *Tranio*, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my Master."

Vin.

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Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped.

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Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controverfie. [They retire.

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad as! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh, he hath murthered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre.

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Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monstrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.]

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father. .

[Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon; dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended; where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:

While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles, *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town:

And happily I have arrived at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss;

What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my
Daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin.

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Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to:
but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. *[Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not
frown. *[Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. *[Exit.*

[Petruchio and Catharina, advancing.

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, sirrah, let's
away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Lucentio's Apartments.*

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio,
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina,
Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio's
servants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. **A**T last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet.

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Pet. Nothing but fit and fit, and eat and eat !

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :

I mean, *Hortensio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me, how likes *Hortensio* that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended ; kiss him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round ———

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew, Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe ;

And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my Office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer ; ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian.

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Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun :

Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush :
And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self :
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there ?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess ;
And as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say, no ; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife, and he
Whose Wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content ; ——— what wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns.

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go,

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Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves : I'll bear it all my self.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you word
That she is busie and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie and cannot come, is that an
answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to
come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs must
come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can.

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated : now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come : she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come !
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd :

Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit Gru.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine* !

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Catharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is : I wonder, what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy :
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio* !
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter ;
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca and Widow.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion :

Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too !
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. *Catharine*, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
Women,

What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ; and first begin with her.

Cath.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will;
What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd, that Women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But, now I see, our launces are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;

That

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That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your Husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me,
Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;

We three are married, but you two are sped,
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Catharina.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tam'd so. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and
leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

Sly. *[awaking.]* Sim, give's some more wine—what,
all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk
still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest
dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for
your Wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I
dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out
of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife
and tame her too, if she anger me.

The End of the Second VOLUME.

